THE SPHERE

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No. 1823

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 29
1934

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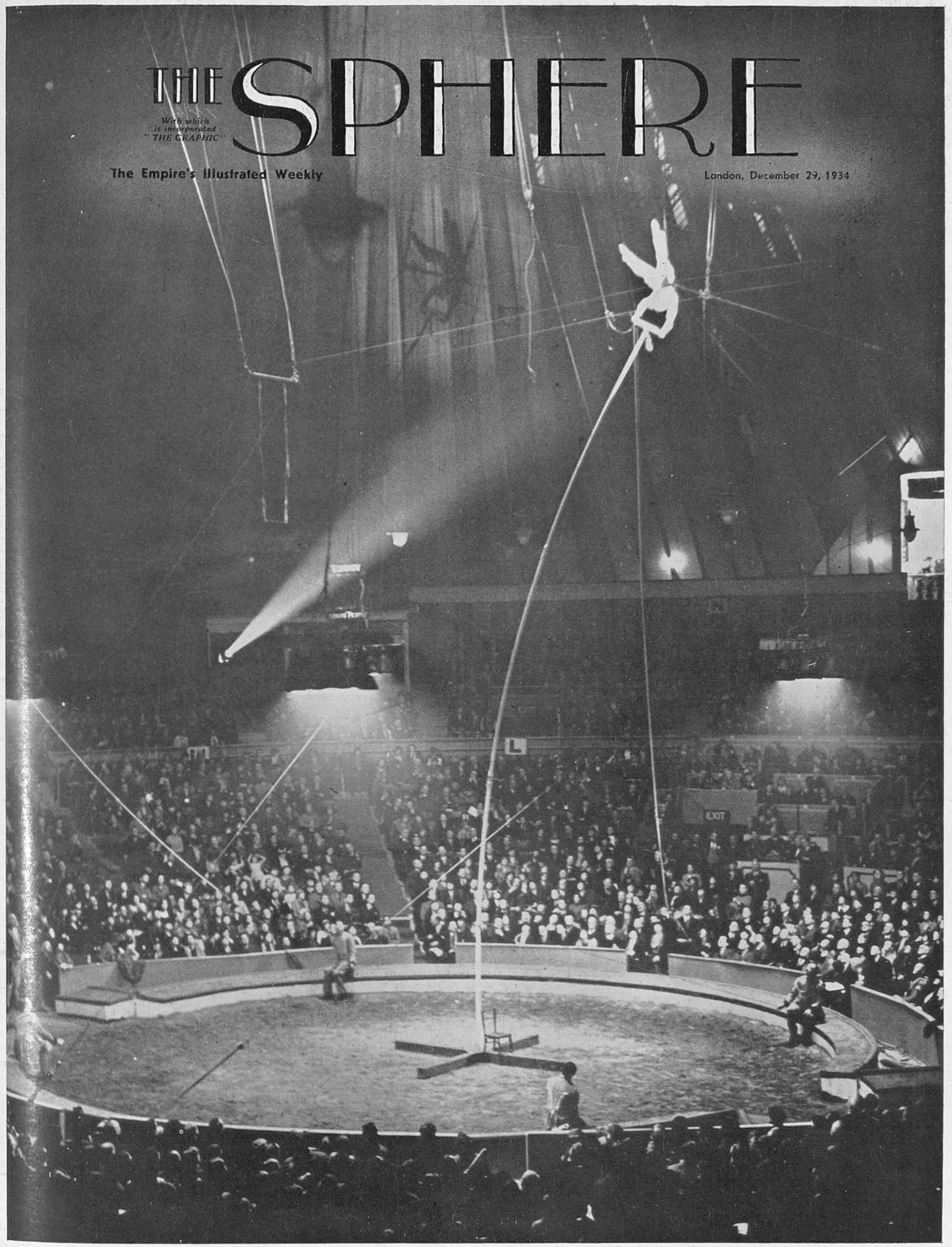
London, December 29, 1934



AGAIN AT OLYMPIA

The Christmas Circus—an Annual Thrill for Young and Old

This picture, taken at the opening performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, shows Alberti, the Frenchman, doing one of his daring stunts at the top of a violently swaying 50-ft. pole. Needless to say this is only one of a host of thrilling moments in an entertainment which is as packed with good things as the proverbial Christmas hamper. There is Perez, the Cuban wire-walker; there are the three Concellos with their breath-taking double and triple somersaults on the flying trapeze; there are Kling's chimpanzees which with evident enjoyment ride their bicycles round and round the sawdust ring; and last, but by no means least, there are the unfortunate but mirth-provoking clowns for whom carpets appear to be made only for tripping them up, whom chairs let down so shamefully, and for whom buckets of water invariably presage disaster

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THE QUEEN'S THOUGHT FOR THE DISTRESSED: Her Majesty watching the packing of garments during her visit a few days before Christmas to the London headquarters of the Personal Service League—the organisation of voluntary workers which provides clothes for the unemployed and their families. Fifth from the left in this group is Lady Reading

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Monday, December 24, 1934.

1934 IN RETROSPECT.

—It was to be a tremendous year, a vital year. We all said so when we bade farewell to 1933, and said our *ave* to 1934. And in many respects it proved so, but not quite in the way we meant. In the sphere of international understanding and progress to peace and disarmament it proved singularly barren and disappointing, until the very end of the year when hope was re-born through British initiative. But it was a great year for those who feed on sensation. It was a year of mark in the progress of flying. Socially it was a famous year for London, and economically it marked for Britain a glorious return towards prosperity. We in Britain have more reason than most countries to remember 1934 with gratitude. The year opened with Sir John Simon discussing foreign affairs with Mussolini. In the second week of January the Stavisky riots broke out, Chautemps' Ministry resigning on January 27, and Daladier's coming in on the 30th. The Reichstag trial ended on January 10 with the execution of the tool, Van der Lubbe. On February 1 Britain published her Disarmament policy; France was still rioting; Doumergue formed his patchwork Government on the 9th; followed the general strike in France. Vienna proclaimed martial law on the 12th. On February 18 that good man, King Albert of Belgium, went to his unwitnessed death. Pu Yi became first Emperor of Manchukuo on March 1. In April work was resumed on the giant Cunarder, then unnamed. The 17th was Budget day. On May 1 Austria became a Fascist State. On the 19th Bulgaria carried out a *coup d'état*.

CARNIVAL — FOR ENGLAND.—June in England is carnival month, and Windsor Lad (Maharajah of Rajpipla) duly won the Derby; England and Australia each won a Test Match and Waterloo Bridge began to be destroyed. Germany was not enjoying carnival. Hitler's "purge" began on the last day of June, when Schleicher met his death and the Storm Troop Headquarters were raided. The executions on a large scale began on July 2. But in England Wimbledon was what mattered. Perry and Miss Round gave us a national triumph, to add to the wreath which Europe and America were clasping round our blushing brow as a token of respect for our economic recovery and the discovery that London was once more the social, as the financial, capital of the World. On July 13 Hitler explained his "purge" to the Reichstag assembled, while in San Francisco the great general strike began on the 16th. On July 25 we in England were still deploring or congratulating ourselves on the drawing of the third Test Match, but in Vienna the Nazis launched their attack on the Government and murdered good little Dollfuss. The situation hung by a hair for the rest of July when Hitler eased the situation by a statement and sent von Papen to Vienna. Mr. Baldwin made the declaration of the Government's intention largely to increase our air armaments, and we finished July by beating the U.S.A. in the Davis Cup. On August 2 Hindenburg died and Hitler took his office. The Hitler plebiscite was on the 19th, and showed a 90 per cent. approval of his assumption of god-like power, and on the 26th the god spoke on the Saar question. On the 29th the name of Marina was first heard in the land when Prince George announced his engagement, and on that same fateful day night-hooting ended in London. September began with the great American textile strike which lasted three full weeks. The *Morro Castle* disaster fell on September 8. Russia re-entered the League of Nations on 16th. It was a month of disasters. The terrible Kyoto-Osaka typhoon struck Japan on 21st and the next day our own country was plunged into grief by the Gresford Colliery disaster. On September 25 the America's Cup decided to stay in America, after Mr. Sopwith's gallant Endeavour to bring it home, and next day the Queen launched the *Queen Mary* on the Clyde.

MURDER, SPEED AND WEDDING BELLS.—October was a month of European tragedy. The Spanish rising began on the 4th and was not under control until the 13th. And on the 9th occurred the assassinations of King Alexander and M. Barthou who had met together in the cause of Balkan peace, and of whose deaths at Marseilles no man can yet prophesy the result. October 20 saw the impressive start of the great open air race from Mildenhall to Melbourne, won for England by Scott and Black in under three days, a record which none foresaw. The vital date in November was undoubtedly November 6, the day on which Roosevelt's new deal was given its almost hysterical national backing. And the rest, so far as London was concerned, was Marina. A gayer November London has not known for decades. Fog or sunshine, season or off-season, London is accepted as the capital of civilization, the headquarters of social life at its best, the centre of gaiety. The echo of joy bells did not die out at once. On the contrary the sound of them hung long enough on the air to harmonise with the bells of Christmas Day. Foreign relations and India were the chief subjects in very important debates before the adjournment of Parliament. It is unquestionable that a more optimistic spirit than we have long known pervaded the last weeks of 1934. I am thinking of the, till recently, well-nigh hopeless impasse in international understanding. The Churchill-Baldwin debate on National Defence was sandwiched in among national wedding festivities. Its immense importance was perhaps not fully realized. Since that clearing of the air, and in part assuredly because of it, there have been marked proofs of a desire by Germany to end her lamentable policy of international isolation and to resume her part in European negotiations on a basis of give-and-take. The Saar problem is not so dark. The difficulties which face the League are not so hopeless. The idea of Anglo-American co-operation in Europe's tangle seems a stage less remote. And the Government has been accorded a clear mandate to proceed with Indian Constitutional Reform.

OUR DEBT TO 1934.—I is an inadequate survey of the events of the year, but I believe it makes reference to those events which chiefly occupied public attention. Several the results of which may prove of far-reaching importance, evoked little interest. The public is not always

FROM AN UNUSUAL ANGLE: A picture taken in All Souls', Langham Place, during last week's marriage between Mr. Frederick Lothair Lawson-Johnston and the Hon. Olive Lawson-Johnston, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Luke of Pavenham. The Bishop of St. Albans is officiating, and standing near the couple is Baron Egon von Schacky (the best man). On the left are the two grown-up bridesmaids, the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston and Miss Diana Goddard, in picturesque Tudor dresses of gold velvet

alive to the implication of events, and is more often than not intensely preoccupied with trivialities. As a survey also, it is deliberately partial. I wished to stress the reasons why Britain in particular has cause to bless 1934. The survey reveals civilization in a bitter struggle against political, economic, and natural forces, and, almost alone of the units of civilization, Britain, the focus of praise, envy, and social popularity, passing (if the evidence of the Press alone could be accepted) almost a quarter of the year in carnival. God knows we have our troubles and our depressed classes. God knows there is distress enough in the land. But the nations which walk in darkness—the black darkness of our dark ages—have this year looked on Britain as a nation snatched upward into the light. We have been spared so much, granted so much, in 1934. Political tragedy of the first class befel Austria, Spain, France, Russia, Yugoslavia. France's constitution was in the melting-pot. America was fighting for economic survival. Germany was and is fighting for very existence as a unit in civilization. The forces of nature struck and struck hard, even the British Empire, but Britain

A London Newsletter

herself was spared the major disaster. We enjoyed stable government, we made immense advances in reforms on sane socialistic lines; we enjoyed the flattery, respect and envy of the world; our economic rehabilitation was real and marked; we began to feel a return of security; feeling it, we did indeed, alone among the nations, play carnival for weeks on end, almost in an Elizabethan spirit. In 1934 we led the world in many spheres of life, serious and trivial. We owe a debt to 1934 and must mark it in our history books with a white chalk.

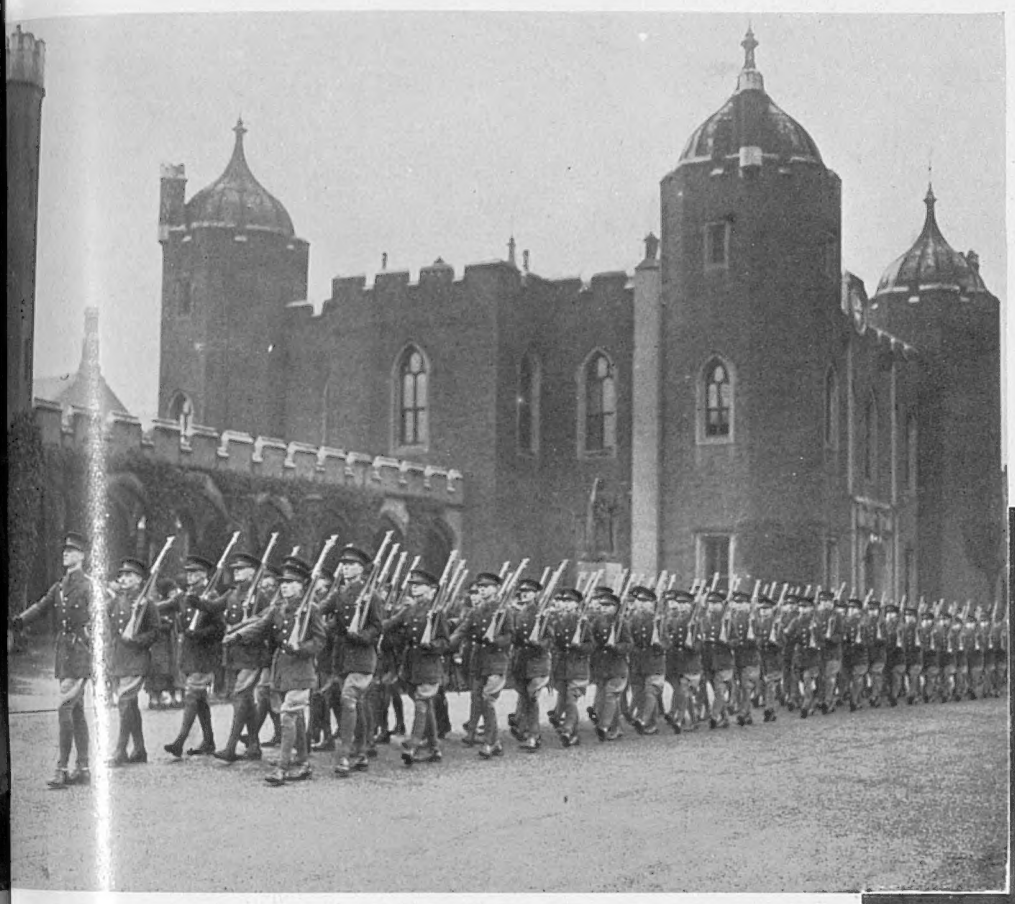
OMNES EODEM.—The year's obituary was a distinguished one. Death laid his icy hand on kings. Two sovereigns, vitally identified with the well-being of their countries, died untimely, one by accident, one by an assassin's hand—Albert of Belgium and Alexander of Yugoslavia. There were two deaths in the Netherlands Royal family. Of European leaders died Hindenburg; Poincaré; Duca, Premier of Rumania, by an assassin's hand; Dollfuss, also murdered; among war leaders Von Kluck, Lyautey, and Togo. Of scientists, Madame Curie. In the arts, John Collier, Delius, du Maurier, Roger Fry, Gustav Holst, Henschel, David Murray, Norman O'Neill, Nigel Playfair, Jagger, and Tweed; in the law, Buckmaster, Sumner, and Scrutton; in journalism, Riddell; in the Church, Bishop Talbot, Bishop Burroughs, and Lord Halifax. The list is, of course, very incomplete. I will add, for picturesque effect, the name of Agha Zaro, who had outlived scores of wives and died perhaps at the age of 120, though I believe he had good stories to tell of Napoleon.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.—The year 1934 marked a great advance in social conditions since the War. Terrible as the state of unemployment in general and of the Distressed Areas in particular remain, solid and effective efforts to check and to cope with the evil showed satisfactory results. It is probably true that another three-quarter million houses are needed to-day to secure separate dwellings for every family, yet the record of building since the War reached this year the respectable figure of two-and-a-quarter million houses. The good work has been interfered with and handicapped by the unforeseeable drift of population southward in search of work and often by uncontrolled building of houses which cannot be let to those for whom they were intended, at mutually economic rents. In slum clearance a notable stimulus was observed in 1934. The State met the unemployment problem by setting aside uncountable millions in relief. State schemes, designed to benefit the country as a whole and to raise the morale of the unfortunates by offering them wages for useful work instead of a dole in idleness, helped considerably to reduce unemployment, and a partial revival in industry substantially contributed to the reduction. The great drought of '33-4, for a comparison with which we have to go back to the early eighteenth century, caused much distress locally, though not generally, the water undertakings of the great cities proving just adequate to meet the abnormal strain. But the drought, which at last met its master in a wet November and one of the wettest first weeks in December on record, found many weak spots in the water supply of country areas, and a strenuous campaign to improve rural water supplies was launched. From the Thames Valley to Suffolk and in Yorkshire, the weak spots of rural water supplies were revealed. New roads were opened all over England, many of them embodying the latest devices to combine safety and comeliness with speed, the Mersey tunnel being perhaps the most important new artery made available. The Transport Minister was the most active among the heads of government departments. If his reforms appear in the nature of patchwork and the results are yet to seek in the vital problem of road death, he is alive to the scandals and difficulties with which road transport bristles and is for ever seeking solutions. Another patchwork measure—but one which thinking citizens welcomed as better than nothing—was the Betting Bill, an attempt admittedly to scotch and not to kill the unkillable gambling instinct in the race, which raises its head highest when hope is lowest and industry in the doldrums. No Government can ever do more than prune and in some measure localize and direct its growth. It is a duty of Government to attend to such pruning from time to time. The nation at the end of 1934 is healthier, happier, more harmonious, more confident, and more secure than it was a year ago, or at any time since the War.

EUROPE IN 1934.—If the year had not ended with a gleam of light in the dark clouds of European politics, it would have gone down as among the darkest in history. For during 1934 the Disarmament Conference adjourned *sine die* after the failure of France and Germany to agree on any compromise of the British Government proposals. Dictatorship and various manifestations of Fascism maintained their holds and even increased their confidence. In Italy Mussolini, a very modern Cromwell, finally removed the bauble of Parliamentary Government and rattled the sabre of militarism and colonial expansion. Extraordinarily little is known of what is going on in Germany, even now. Hindenburg's death enabled Hitler to cement his position as a despotic Pooh-Bah, which the confirmatory plebiscite did little to strengthen. A healthy light of reality was thrown on Germany's armament activity, while sidelights were occasionally thrown on the economic, political, and social problems which harass the Führer. The weight and complexity of his appalling responsibilities surely tended in the latter part of the year to modify his isolationist and defiant attitude in regard to European deliberations. Despite Stavisky and an unbalanced budget and acute industrial depression (or because of these things) France for a great part of the year gained at least a temporary political security under M. Doumergue's 'National' Government, but the party intriguers remain still unrepentant, still tolerated by that tolerant nation and still capable at any moment of wrecking the Government for party aims. Austria also in the latter half of the year retired into comparative purdah. Up to the murder of Dollfuss she was the centre of the limelight. Dollfuss' régime managed to survive by a miracle and is being carried on, we know little with what success, by Dr. Schuschnigg. Germany undoubtedly learned a lesson, and her interference in Austrian affairs has of late been restrained, or at any rate less apparent. In Belgium the new King has shown the value of his father's training in statecraft, and has used his considerable powers with good effect in dealing with economic difficulties and changes of ministries. The year's events in Yugoslavia are fresh in memory and Hungary has also returned to the limelight. Bulgaria's *coup d'état* is largely forgotten. It is worth remembering that that country has now joined the group of Fascist dictatorships of a military kind. In Czechoslovakia, old Masaryk continues his time-honoured democratic dictatorship. But while the spirit of intense and bitter nationalism remains, while the nations of Europe continue economically in watertight compartments, and while brands are carried about by small and large in the powder magazine of Europe, explosions are to be expected any day in 1935.

And so good-bye (and, from us, God bless you) to 1934.

THE OLD STAGER

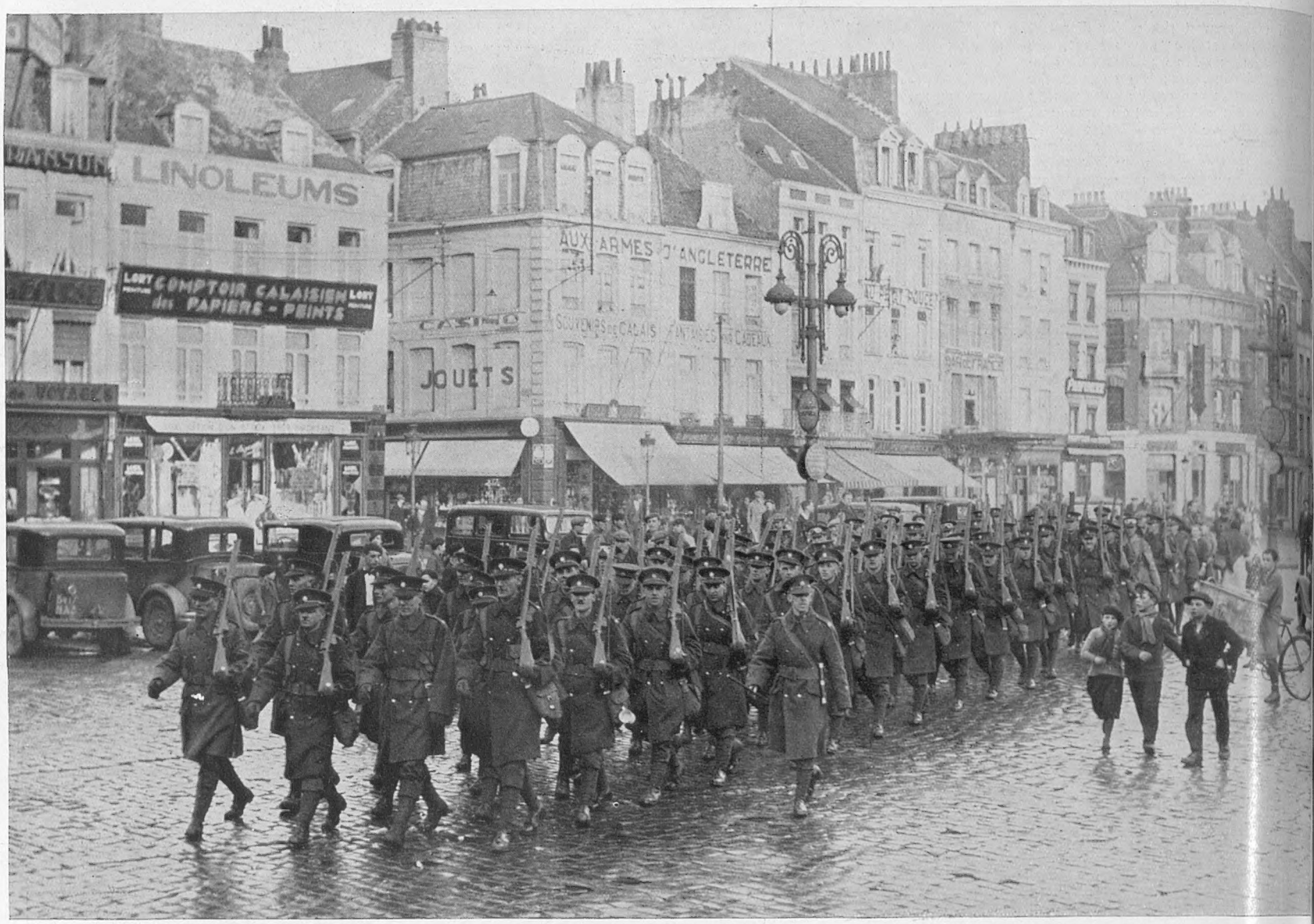


SOLDIERS IN THE MAKING: The march past at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, when General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, made the half-yearly inspection

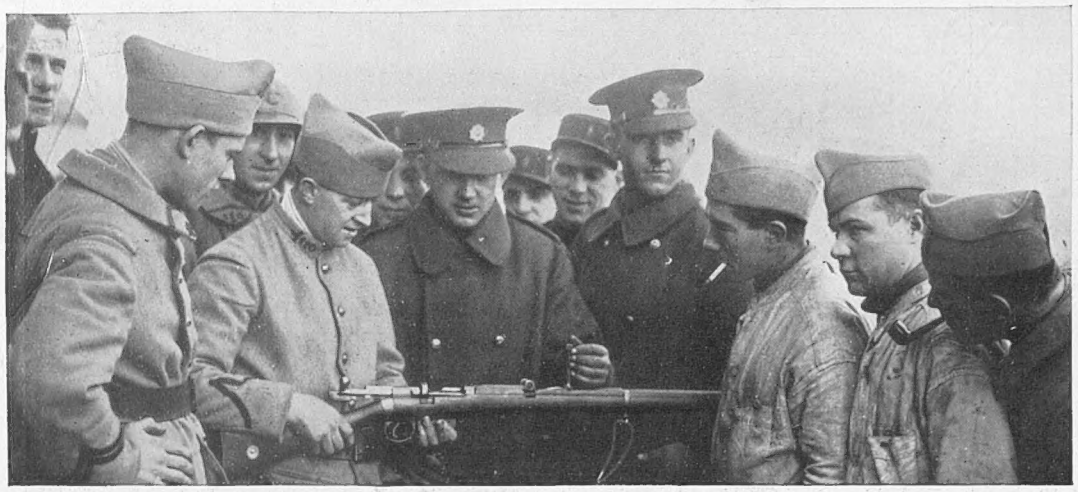
THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE: The Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Christmas Party arranged by Miss Marta Cunningham for wounded soldiers and which was held in the Royal Riding School at Buckingham Palace. During the afternoon the Duchess cut a giant Christmas cake presented by the Princess Royal

COSMOPOLIS *at* SAARBRÜCKEN:

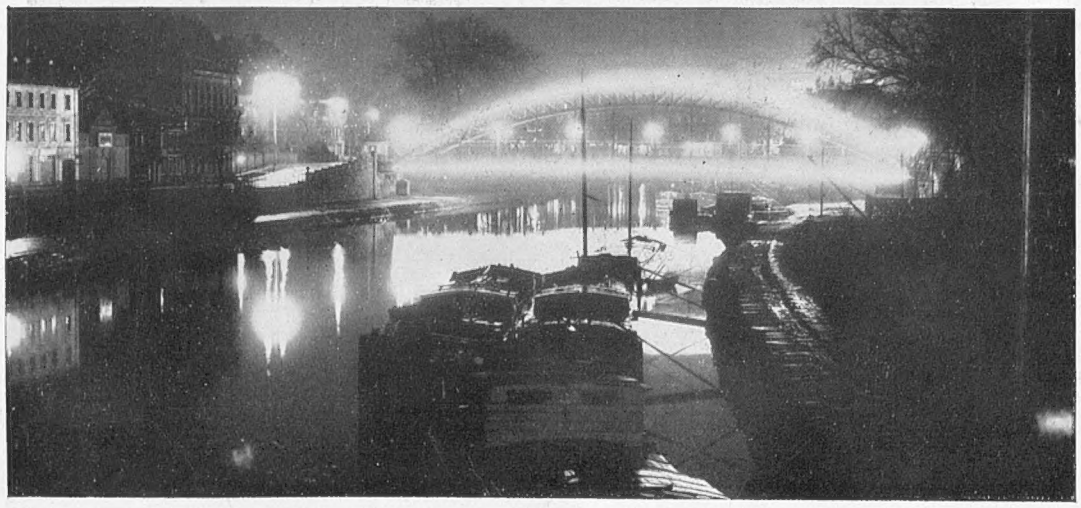
The International Force Arrives in the Land of the League



THE ADVANCE PARTIES of the 1st Battalion of the Essex Regiment and the 1st Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment marching across the Place d'Armes in Calais before entraining for Saarbrücken, where they arrived the same day. It appears that the accommodation provided for them is much more comfortable than was originally anticipated, their billet being a disused but sumptuously-furnished workmen's hostel belonging to a steel-making factory under French control



SHOWING THEM THE WORKS: A British Tommy explaining the intricate mechanism of his rifle to some interested French soldier acquaintances at Calais



On left—CHRISTMAS ILLUMINATIONS: The brilliantly floodlit Neue Bridge over the Saar. In the foreground are some of the barges which carry the coal, mined in the territory by the French, down the river to the factories of Lorraine

MARCHING FROM SAARBRUCKEN STATION TO THEIR QUARTERS: One of the first detachments of British infantry to reach the territory. All the arrangements for their journey passed off smoothly, and the men were given quite a friendly welcome by the Saarlanders, who evidently realise the stabilizing influence of their presence

Above—"SPRECHEN-SIE ENGLISCH"?: Two Tommies whose cheery smiles did much to overcome the language difficulty when they were buying postcards at a shop in Saarbrücken. They seemed quite resigned to spending Christmas away from home

THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT: The efficient force of Grenadiers, under the command of Brigadier-General Visconti Prasca, which reached Saarbrücken on December 20. Their smartness and the spick-and-span appearance of their transport lorries created a great impression

MODERN HOMES AT REASONABLE RENTS: A typical block of flats for working-class tenants in Fulham. Spacious verandas make it possible for mothers to keep their babies in the open air throughout the day

BUILDING BOOM

Britain's Biggest Industry which is Helping the Country to Ride Out the Depression

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

QUICKENING under the impetus of cheap money, the wheels of the building and contracting industry are now turning to give an annual output of £300,000,000—which makes the industry Britain's biggest to-day—absorbing some 3,000,000 people in employment, and adding to the supply of dwelling-houses at the rate of 350,000 a year.

How long activity on this scale will last is anybody's guess. It may reach a peak in 1935, or continue undiminished for another four or five years, or an entire decade. But two things about the biggest building boom in Britain's history are certain. One is that Britain is riding out the depression on its back, the spiral of industrial activity it sets up compensating substantially for the lag in export trade. The other is that it is shaping the Britain of to-morrow; changing not only the aspect of great cities and huge tracts of the countryside, but building methods, architectural design, and our ideas about these compact little shelters, warmed and lighted, which we build on the earth's surface to contain our private lives, and call "home."

A boom like this is not an unmixed blessing. In a rational world it should not happen. The industry should go along steadily, replacing decayed and obsolete houses and providing new dwellings at a rate which keeps pace with the population increase. But we live in an irrational, in many respects a crazy world.

The good builders of Scotland, for instance, thought they were being sound and sane when they constructed stone dwellings for the poorer people to last a thousand years. Many of these places are one and two centuries old now, are good for another 400 to 500 years, and besides being absolutely obsolete in every respect, are the chief reason why the housing situation is even worse north of the Border than south, one in four persons still living two in a room in Scotland, against a rate of one and a half to a room in England and Wales.

In a rational world the imagination would be called into play, the quickened tempo of life and of change foreseen, the meaning of scientific discovery and continuous technical improvements appreciated; and builders would not think in minimum terms of a century when constructing urban dwelling places. Further, we should not have protracted periods when conditions in the financial, political, and labour fields discourage and contract new construction so that it falls far behind even bare replacement needs, and then, abruptly, an explosion which frees immense constructive forces and sends the building trade into a boom which may, conceivably, go too far and end too suddenly for the general economic health of the community.

But taking things for a moment as we find them, let us survey this unprecedented boom. As a story, it has its phases of drama, comedy, tragedy, and general excitement.

The national situation is perhaps best illustrated by some figures. A recent *Architects' Journal* survey showed that, although 2,000,000 new houses were built in the first fourteen years after the War (an average of 145,000 a year) one in twenty people in Britain still live more than three in a room. Authorities differ on just what constitutes a slum dwelling; but authoritative estimates of the number of dwellings needed to replace those worn-out and unfit for human habitation range between 300,000 and 1,000,000. Lately the *Economist* statisticians, using a mathematical currycomb, concluded that, to remove the evils of overcrowding and lack of sanitation, and provide decent housing on a minimum standard, and just keep pace with decay processes, Britain would need to provide between 4,000,000 and 7,000,000 new houses! This means building at the rate of between 350,000 and 400,000 a year. We are now building at the 350,000-a-year pace, and regarding it (perhaps inaccurately) as a boom.

The high light in the picture is, of course, provided by the slums. It is one of the extraordinary facts of the post-war era—but an illuminating one too—that it has taken us fourteen years, years of blundering and the wasting of millions of money, to face up to the realities of the problem of cleaning up the big city slums, and rehousing in around 300,000 new dwellings the 1,250,000 men, women, and children of the poorest classes who live in these noxious human warrens, amid foul conditions which disintegrate and rot human life. Why? Let us see.

Building stopped during the four war years. When the war ended there was a shortage of at least 1,000,000 houses. Rents soared. The Government had to step in and make it illegal for owners of worker-class dwellings to charge more than the 1914 rent. In the courts the magistrates for years gave priority to housing disputes. The politicians looked for the easy way out, and found it in the general housing subsidy. Housing programmes became one of the political games of the day. They varied with the political complexion of the Government; but all accepted as a basis the principle of "filtering up," the idea that the slum dwellers would gradually move out of their little hells into the new suburban houses built with the aid of the subsidy.

But the slum dwellers obstinately refused to "filter up." There were three main reasons: (1) insufficiency of suitable new houses; (2) too costly building, making rents (even as cut by the subsidy) too dear; and (3) the expense of travelling from the city outskirts to the place of work. Thus, at the end of it all, the housing shortage was still acute, and the slum and overcrowding problems were worse than ever. For instead of "filtering up," the low-wage workers, as the depression deepened, filtered *down* into the cheaper and smaller units of occupation until the slums were choked with human beings who had no means of escape, because there was nowhere else to go. In these fourteen years, out of a total of 300,000 slum-category houses, only 20,000 were replaced.

What was wrong? Many groups, interests, practices, principles, and doctrines can be blamed. But when you get down to bedrock you find that it was just one of those things that happen in certain transition phases of social democracy and capitalist civilization. In the end it was just the general liquidation of post-War follies and illusions everywhere that cleared the path to the present effort by forcing through reforms and compelling a facing of economic facts which had formerly been shirked.

The great slump had already demolished barriers. Overnight, there was a great political and financial house-cleaning in Britain. The cost of money, labour, and materials had been too high. Now they came down with a run. The new National Government stopped the general building subsidy (except in Scotland) and handed back building to private enterprise.

Relieved from subsidized municipal competition, private enterprise responded by building nearly 270,000 houses in the first year of the new order of things. In 1932 building plans to the value of £37,000,000 were approved. The figure for 1933 was £12,000,000 better. But, for the first seven months of 1934 the value of plans approved approximated £58,500,000, and for the whole year will probably exceed £100,000,000.

As for the slums, we find the Government, freed at last to concentrate on them as a separate and obstinate problem, getting out the present £100,000,000 five-year programme, which collates the programmes of over 2,000 local housing authorities (the new construction being financed by local loans, aided by a State subsidy and an additional subsidy from the local ratepayers) and represents a slum rehousing pace forty times faster than that of the 1919–33 period.

Here it may be noted that the last word has not by any means been said on either the slum-and-rehousing or the general building problems. These problems, owing largely to inadequate statistics, but also to prejudice, to scientific progress in the field of building design and materials, and to the conflict of rival industrial, professional, and political interests, are as controversial as any economic or monetary problem. A considerable controversy has long centred around the question of national *versus* local action. You don't have to delve very far into that before you find yourself involved in the fundamental arguments which justify Capitalism on the one hand and Socialism on the other, and social democracy at one extreme and the collective State (Fascist or Communist) at the other.

Touching on another angle, we find the national organization school arguing that if the thing were done on a national scale, with a central authority buying materials, the best technical brains brought in at the centre, and big instead of small contracts offered, costs would be brought down.

The anti-nationalists retort that bulk buying does not necessarily mean lower prices. It can mean higher prices than prevail when competition to supply the demand runs free, as at present. In the Government circle, opposition to the national idea is perhaps not entirely disassociated from the apprehension that a national organization of building labour would shoulder in—which might help, but which might, again, try to exert political pressure, or to hold up the programme by threatening a national building strike, or to oppose new methods which menaced the economic interests of certain of its labour categories.

Meantime, the building boom gathers pace. What activity on the existing level means to the building trades may be gauged by a glance at the commodities required to build the 1934 output of houses. Six thousand million bricks are needed, thirty-three million square feet of glass, nearly a hundred million of floor tiles, three million doors, nearly two million grates and ranges, a million cisterns, several million yards of drain pipes, five million cubic yards of sand, and twenty-five million feet of cast-iron pipes. Add to these, furniture and hanging, gas, water and electric fittings, meters and plumbing accessories, and the like, and the factors back of the great activity in a wide range of the nation's manufacturing plants need no further stressing.

The gain in the ancilliary industries keeps pace with the industries specifically concerned with building. The railways are affected in an important way. Two of the four great systems report brick traffic up 100 per cent. in a year. They have had to augment their big fleets of special brick wagons and containers. From one Midland brick producing field the North-Eastern rail system is expressing 4,000 tons of bricks a day to the London area, where building activity is still rising, as the country fringing the mighty city's outer rim is linked up by bus and tube services, gas mains, and electric cables, and developed by private-enterprise builders.

The National Building Industries Council got out some statistics in November which show that of every £100 spent in building, £40 goes direct to labour, and £50 for material, and these materials represent a cross-section of the whole of the national industry. They estimate that house-building over the last year has given employment continually to more than 1,100,000 bricklayers, plasterers, slaters and tilers, to 400,000 electricians, painters and plumbers, to nearly 200,000 people in the glass, copper, zinc, lead, and woodwork industries, and to 350,000 men in the iron and steel smelting and electrical industries, besides hundreds of thousands in the factories and offices where they are concerned with the manufacture of cutlery, furniture, carpets, and all the other things that go into a home.

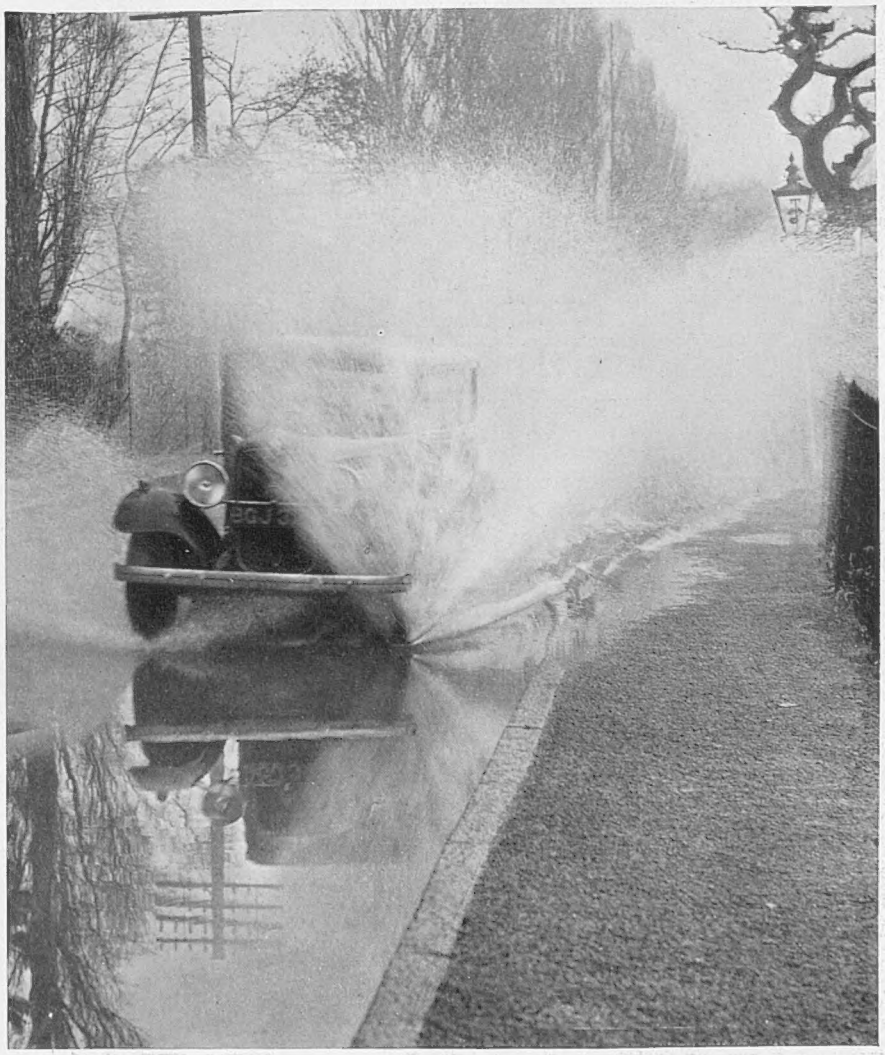
The younger men of vision and enterprise, men like Arundell Clarke and Felix Goldsmith, who in Park Lane and elsewhere are applying the architectural ideas of to-morrow to the mansions of yesterday (those two are building a sky flat for Sir Eric Geddes in that part of a Mayfair mansion relegated by the unimaginative architects of yesterday to the servants and the chimneys) are adapting the ideas of Corbusier to modern big-city conditions. They believe the facilities, conveniences, and services now characteristic of luxury blocks, can be brought, on a mass basis, within the reach of the poorest wage-earning classes. Blue prints exist for a sort of Radio City for the worker class, a vast, self-contained block, with its own shops, playgrounds, services, crêche, and the rest, and five-roomed apartments which can be let at from 6s. to 10s. a week. These fantasies of yesterday have become the economic propositions of to-day. Whether they are politically, socially, or æsthetically desirable is another matter.

COPING WITH LONDON'S CHRISTMAS MAIL: The platform at Mount Pleasant, the main station on the G.P.O.'s private "Underground" which connects the Central Sorting Office with Paddington and Liverpool Street. This is the first railway of its kind in the world, and is of particular usefulness in that it speeds up despatch by obviating the use of motor vans which are always liable to be held up through traffic congestion

CHRISTMAS SIDELIGHTS

Some Seasonable Pictures

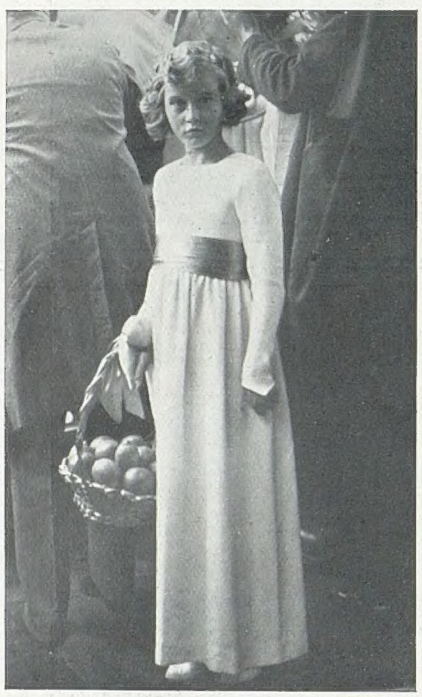
GIFTS FOR THE LONELY: A turkey, which, together with other presents from St. Andrew's Church Waterside Mission, was taken out from Southend by a Trinity House motor boat and given to the men who had to spend Christmas aboard the Nore and Mouse Lightships



SPLASHING THROUGH: In the Southern and Western counties of England rivers and streams, swollen by torrential rains, have been flooding the countryside, and many people driving home for Christmas were considerably inconvenienced. This picture was taken on the Esher–Horsham main road after the River Mole had burst its banks

A CROYDON PERSONALITY: Captain A. B. H. Youell, one of the youngest air-liner commanders in the employ of Imperial Airways, who has flown over 1,000,000 miles and who was recently presented with a master pilot's certificate

PRINCESS ASPASIA, widow of King Alexander of Greece, seen on a Christmas shopping expedition in London with one of her daughters. Her husband, it will be remembered, died in 1920 from the bite of a pet monkey



ORANGES AND LEMONS: Henrietta Crane, the only bridesmaid at the marriage of Commander R. Grenfell, R.N., and Miss Helen Shepherd at St. Clement Danes

ENGAGED: Miss Ann Gibson Watt who is to marry Captain John Treadwell of the Scots Guards. She is a direct descendant of James Watt, the great engineer

HOME AGAIN: C. W. A. Scott (left) and Campbell Black (right) posing for a picture at Grosvenor House after the banquet given by the Royal Aero Club in honour of their victory in the England-Australia Air Race. Standing between them is Lord Trenchard, Chief of the Metropolitan Police

THE NORTH SIDE OF BELGRAVE SQUARE: No. 3, the future home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, is the seventh house from the left

No. 3, BELGRAVE SQUARE

Where the Duke and Duchess of Kent will go to Live after their Honeymoon

EVER since 1825, when Thomas Cubitt built it, Belgrave Square has been one of the most fashionable residential parts of London, and if there has been a slight falling off in the number of tenanted houses there during the past few years it has only been because of dwindling dividends and the great cost of keeping such places going.

Now that the Duke and Duchess of Kent are to live at No. 3, however, the "Lease for Disposal" notices are disappearing like magic, and rooms that were shuttered are once again open to the light of day.

IN THE DUKE'S STUDY: The writing table which once belonged to Talleyrand, the French statesman and diplomatist

Their Royal Highnesses are taking over the lease of No. 3 from Lady Juliet Duff early in the New Year, and will go into residence directly after their return from the Continent. Immediately on entering this house one is struck by its spaciousness and general air of comfort. In the hall, which is painted stone colour, are two exquisite chests-of-drawers in gilt inlaid ebony, while a bust of a sombre cardinal, with a face like Richelieu's, stands guard at the door, and a bronze fish receives visiting cards under a lovely painted Italian mirror.

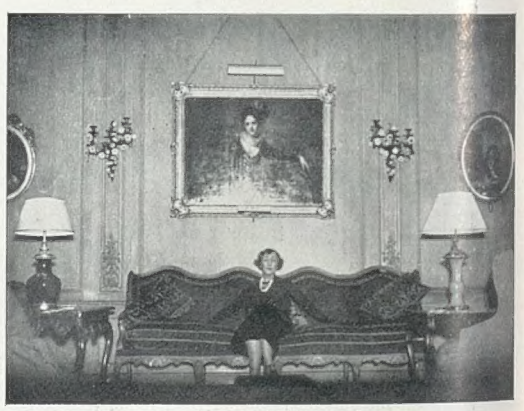
Two folding doors open into the dining-room. The general style of this room is Georgian; the walls are stippled jade, and the curtains are of dark-green moiré silk. Set in alcoves are four bronze swans, collected by the Marchioness of Ripon, the mother of Lady Juliet Duff. The dining-table is an *intime* of ormolu walnut.

Above the hall, and overlooking the gardens of Belgrave Square, is the drawing-room, decorated in raw oak and damson velvet. Boucher painted the pert Yorkshire terrier by the window; that was Madame de Pompadour's pet. Tapestry chairs match the Italian rose-marble tables.

The Duchess of Kent's bedroom will be the room over the drawing-room. On the left of the door is a beautiful four-poster bed, with hangings of russet-red silk, dependent from a gilt crown. Facing the windows is an Adam writing table in a mirrored recess, and between the windows is the long scrolled dressing-table. Leading out of this room is the black-walled bathroom, with its mirror-backed white bath.

The servants' quarters on the top landing contain three bedrooms, a sitting room and a bathroom. For guests there are five bedrooms and two bathrooms on the third floor.

D. P.



LADY JULIET DUFF, the owner of No. 3, who is supervising the alterations to the house before it is taken over by the Royal couple

THE DINING ROOM: A tastefully decorated apartment with walls of stippled jade

CRAFTSMEN OF THE EAST

Some Recent Pictures from Japan, Java, and Penang

LIFE WORK: A craftsman of Kioto, Japan, putting the finishing touches to a beautiful pagoda fashioned in damascene, gold, silver, and bronze. He has been engaged in making it for the past twenty years

ANCIENT JAVANESE ART: A young woman of the Province of Djockjakata doing batik work—the process of colouring fabrics in which part of the design is covered with melted wax and the uncovered portions of the cloth are then dyed

AN ASIATIC TOMBSTONE ARTIST

A native of Penang painting an elaborate memorial made for the grave of a wealthy Chinese resident on the island

SEAL-HUNTING

In the Northern Baltic

5 A.M. ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING: While his family are still sleeping father gets ready for the hunt

THREE MAN-POWER: Pushing the outboard motor boat across the ice on the way to the sealing grounds

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK: Three seals have been caught but the hunters are still on the look-out for more. As a rule the men wear white clothing to harmonize with their surroundings and to prevent their ever alert quarry from seeing them approach

STALKING: A hunter, with his gun mounted on a ski, his telescope on his back, and a dead seal trailing behind him, silently makes his way over the ice. Long practice enables him to move very swiftly in this fashion

TO SAVE SPACE: Tying a dead seal to the outside of the boat —a method which has to be employed as the hunter's gear usually takes up the rest of the available room

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

December in the Hunting Field

AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE: Mr. Roger Wethered, of golfing fame, and his wife who is a keen rider to hounds. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish Bentinck

IN THE SHADOW OF AN ANCIENT NORTHUMBRIAN STRONGHOLD: The huntsman, whippers-in, and hounds of the Percy arriving for a recent meet. Towering in the background is Bamburgh Castle, the historic seat of Lord Armstrong, which dates from the 6th century

MOVING OFF TO DRAW: A picture taken after last week's meet of the Quorn at Grimston Village. Riding in front is Sir Harold Nutting, the Master, with Mrs. Julien Legard, and immediately behind them are the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Major Cantrell Hubbersty, and Major Jack Harrison. There were two excellent runs during the day, one of 90 minutes, and another of 25 minutes during which hounds set a terrific pace

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OUTSTANDING FIGURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR: (1) King Albert, whose death while rock climbing plunged Belgium into mourning. (2) The late King Alexander, the ill-fated ruler of Yugoslavia. (3) Elisabeth Bergner, who was hailed by the Press as the greatest actress of the century when she made her London debut in *Escape Me Never* by Margaret Kennedy. (4) Fred Perry, the English player who dominated the lawn tennis world throughout the summer. (5) C. W A. Scott, hero of the Melbourne Air Race

PERSONALITIES OF 1934

People who were in the News

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The year is at its ultimate flicker. Time was when the public prints celebrated the occasion by a backward glance over the months. The practice seems to have fallen into desuetude—no doubt in part because we haven't got the time to do anything else nowadays save rush ahead, bodily and every other way. Yet may not a looking-back, on the brink of the plunge into New Year, increase our chances, even however minutely, of comprehending a little more what it is all about?

The other evening, one or two of us thought so; and proceeded to draw up as weird-looking a list of names as can have been strung together for a long time. When completed, we were rather proud of it. "A new way," we said, "a new mode of treatment for reviewing the year"—since the names were those of the people who, we thought, most represented 1934, had had the biggest show in the news.

Place aux dames. Try as we would, we could find but two sufficiently year-prominent ladies to form part of the attenuated list that perforce had to be kept in mind. The Princess Marina, of course. Since August, even the Garbo hasn't been in it. Marina this and Marina hat. A world starved of pageantry and of admiring, fairly clutched at the first opportunity. I recollect reflecting, on November 29, "what an extraordinary one-girl show. Here is all London eyeing her." As we know, far more than all London was doing so, if from afar. Yes, this bride passes into lore; so rare for a Royal exemplar to combine that most yearned-for feminine ensemble of brains, chic, charm, looks, and personality.

Lady number two is The Bergner. I don't care if Mr. Agate would first have her play Peachum or Wendy before passing judgment. This little Viennese actress has shot clean across the world stage. Whether she be a Rachel or a Duse or a Bernhardt, she has been ranked as such. And 1934 did it, even if years before, the discerning were travelling specially to Berlin to see her. How blessed a C. B. Cochran must be to be able to get such a thrill as he gets from landing a Bergner. There is something special about her case, too. The Nazis. Sarah would have been in like case. But perhaps the Nazis have actually helped The Bergner, dramatizing her additionally. Well, there is the picture: triumph in the capitals of the Old World. And the New, waiting avidly at this writing.

And so we pass to Stavisky—I warned that it was going to be a strange list. Four names have dominated France throughout the year, and each of the others emanated from this Russian Jew. The murdered Judge Prince; ex-President Doumergue, who had to come in and try and clean up things; and M. Barthou, who would not have seen office but for M. Doumergue's return. So that we witness this: M. Barthou inaugurated an entirely new European policy of encircling Germany with the aid of the Soviet. Many think this could not conceivably have ended eventually other than in war. Had there been no Stavisky there would have been no Barthou. And yet you dare to clamour and protest if all doth not sail prettily ahead in this wildly daft contemporary world.

Barthou would have been in our final list even if he had not been assassinated. As my Genevan colleagues will agree, this gay but erudite old Béarnais set out to *épater* the League, and didn't he do it! Responsible for the observation that *il y a des jeunes qui sont vieux, comme il y a des vieux qui sont jeunes*, he meant to show that he belonged among the latter. He would puff out his chest, and trot along so briskly, and hand out such *boutades*. (*Boutade:* French for being dam rude.) We Anglais, via Sir John, came in for most of the *boutades*. Oh, a rare Indian summer, Indian reel, was Barthou's. Nothing like it had been seen since the Tiger whom Barthou had hoped to rival in the way of putting old age over with a bang. Instead, there intervened, unhappily, another bang.

C. W. A. Scott. I have followed aviation since its European infancy. On my first newspaper, I once spent three hours writing five lines of introduction to the Comte de Lambert's encircling of the Eiffel Tower. Dizzily, I soared, going right back to the birth of creation, among other things. Into the paper-basket, of course. Well, my idea of the four most epoch-making flights are Blériot's crossing of the Channel, Alcock's and Browne's conquest of the Atlantic, the lonely Lindbergh, and Scott and Black: Implied is this: that such flights as these definitely opened brand-new horizons, each of them in succession. I was abroad when they got to Melbourne and my German paper showed a bunch of surprise exclamation marks after the figures giving the time for the flight. That about fits things.

If it has been any man's or woman's, it has been Adolf Hitler's year. All his. Streaming across the chief pages of the newspapers from January to December every morning and evening—Hitler. I compress his curious lieutenants, the two G's., into the person of the Führer, without whom neither would exist a second. I believe there are whole chunks of good in Hitler if he could only be segregated. Meanwhile, what a drama the man is! Overtaking Mussolini, almost daring to venture in the shadow of a Bonaparte! One never knows whether one will wake up to find him shot to bits, or thousands of his followers. It is all so uncertain. The prognosticating, the prophesying in his regard. Sometimes he seems to resemble nothing more than a captain bellowing from the bridge of a ship that is doing the most astounding things on the ocean, and whose crew are as crazily subjugated as a Conrad alone could portray.

The late King Albert is included, whereas a Hindenburg is not, the reason being that the latter just died. King Albert made us all live emotionally to an extent that does not often befall. The manner of his end was in the nature of the handing out of a blow. He certainly was the noblest Roman of those upon high in the world's greatest upheaval. He should have been vouchsafed many, many more years. Yet he seems to have been a marked man by destiny. Is it known, I wonder, that he narrowly escaped death on two separate occasions shortly before he failed to elude it? His late Majesty was very shortsighted, also pensive. He loved circulating alone—on foot and on a motor-cycle. One day, in Brussels, he walked clean in front of a tram whose wattman only just pulled up in time. Some weeks later, returning in a mist on his motor-cycle, the King ran clean into the gates of a closed level-crossing.

Fred Perry has been the athlete of the year—and how can one omit sport and athletics these physique-crazy times? Having won everything right and left, the champion is now being beaten, another instance of the now familiar story of overdoing and exaggerating everything. Perry, one reads, desires nothing more ardently than to quit tennis. The vehemence, the warfare of sport increases. The Continental Press is nowadays composed as follows: two parts war and crisis, one part sport. Into the fourth part has to be packed all the news that once used to be so interesting. Obviously, though, sport is becoming more than sport. It is perfectly true to say, of Continental football, for example, that national prestige and even trade and commerce are tending increasingly to follow the ball. Let us pray that the Olympic Games in Berlin may not lead to open ructions. "I summon the Youth of the World," Hitler is going to proclaim.

With Perry should by rights also go Sopwith, whose yacht-racing was instrumental in proving how genuinely improved are Anglo-American relations. The truth is, of course, that Tommy Lipton never protested, as it might have interfered with sales and personal popularity. The truth also is that the grim American attitude in the realm sporting is in process of communicating itself to others.

Mr. Roosevelt's smashing October victory, despite the fact that his New Deal has not worked, maintains him in the front rank of the year's personalities. Four-fifths of America have apparently not lost faith in him, and they should know. Experimentation on 120,000,000 people is to proceed, if with far less treading on it. What a shame, one feels at times, that the would-be saviour of a great land so conspicuously requires a brain trust. All the innate goodness and yearning to improve the lot of others are there. Still, this Roosevelt is assured of his niche, in that things will never again be as they were at his coming.

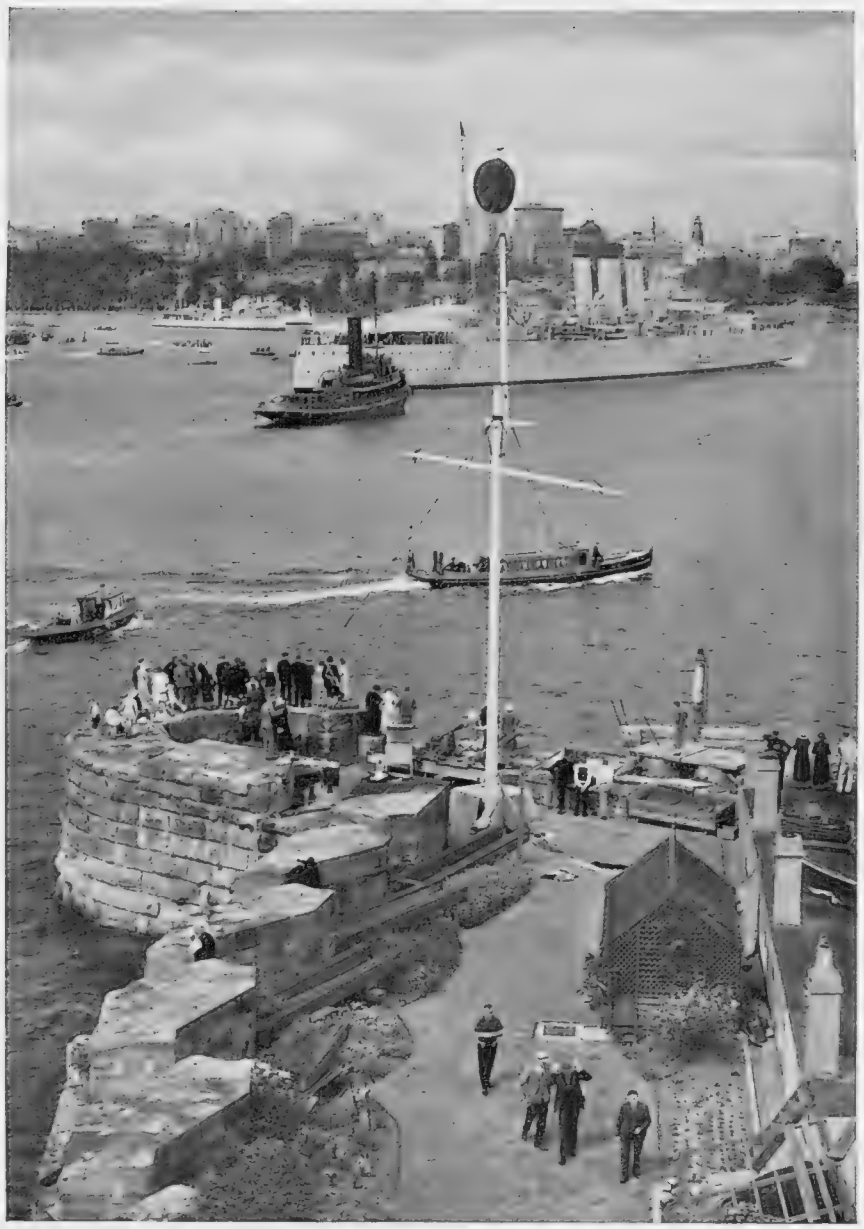
Anthony Eden is a person to be proud of. I am awfully glad his father was so odd and fruity. Shows that people with the wildness of art in them can breed anything, even the most restrained thoroughbreds. Mr. Eden has the world before him, including the Foreign Office and 10, Downing Street. He is the greatest success Geneva has known since its inception, because he is the first young man, actually young man, to meet and direct his seniors of the international world. Without a doubt Mr. Eden is England's greatest success in the year that is closing—even if Larwood had played. I have but one misgiving concerning Mr. Eden. It is that, through the folly of our party system, and should "the Opposition" return to power, this potentially great Secretary of State may be kept away from the Foreign Office for many of Europe's most perilous years, when—this is the worst of it—he entirely represents what Labour wants in the foreign field.

And so, alas, back to Chopin. Little Dollfuss we all liked. He wasn't great shakes at anything. Except at facing up to the Giant. For the first half of the year we daily said: "Bravo, little 'un!" He was such an attractive little fellow, too. "Kindliness" was the word. Tell me something more ghastly than Europe's Tom Thumb lying on that last couch. Anatole France was certain that we were in process of retrogression.

King Alexander was of different kidney. A fine young figure in war, the Unifier notably failed to unify in peace, and he had long and free years in which to do it at first, with each of his tribes at his beck and call. Couldn't he blend them together? Or wouldn't he? One suspects that, as in so many other things, it was a case of half and half. Anyway, he leaves his realm wide open for all kinds of things to happen—unfortunately, not only inside of it. Why did he ever land at Marseilles with half-a-dozen safe ports strewn along the local coast? To lay a wreath at the foot of the memorial to the dead of the Army of the Orient. *La culte des morts.* Poor *morts*, how they've been exploited to make all sorts of holidays.

SYDNEY WELCOMES THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

The Closing Stages of His Australian Tour



LOYAL GREETINGS FOR THE ROYAL AMBASSADOR: *Left*—The Duke of Gloucester walking ashore with Sir Philip Game, the Governor of New South Wales. It was estimated that nearly a quarter-of-a-million people were gathered round the landing stage and in the city itself to await his arrival, and as he drove through the beflagged streets he received a tremendous ovation. *Right*—The cruiser *Sussex*, with His Royal Highness on board, being towed to her moorings. During the journey up the harbour from Sydney Heads she was escorted by thirty aeroplanes, the roar of their engines mingling with the cheers that rose from the crowds lining the shore

A FLORAL PAGEANT: Some of the twenty decorated floats which followed the Duke of Gloucester's car through the streets of Sydney to the showground where the Citizens' Committee welcomed the Royal visitor. After a stay of several days in the city, during which time he fulfilled endless public engagements, H.R.H. left on a tour of the country districts of New South Wales. According to present arrangements he will arrive back in England on March 28

NEWS FROM THE ORIENT: Happenings in Japan, India, Siam, and the Aden Protectorate

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO": The Japanese Emperor (standing on the dais on the right) watching the students of the Girls High School at Maebashi, the capital of Kotsuke Province, at exercise with the wooden *naginata*, a long staff with a sword-like blade modelled on the lines of an old feudal weapon. *Right*—A peasant family washing the frames of the doors of their house before pasting them over with fresh paper which keeps out the chills of winter

DAUGHTERS OF TERPSICHORE

These two girls were recently declared the winners of a competition to find the finest temple dancers in Siam

A PEACETIME PASTIME: Lieut.-Colonel F. Robinson, D.S.O. (right), acting as starter in a camel race between members of the Aden Levies, the efficient frontier force which is recruited from local Arab tribesmen and which helps to defend the 42,000 square miles of the Protectorate

A POLITICAL SURPRISE: In the recent elections for the Indian Legislative Assembly, Congress (the party of the extreme Left) gained many seats from the Liberals—the result being as unexpected as it was overwhelming. This picture was taken at an open-air meeting after the declaration of the poll in the Madras constituencies, and among those on the platform is Mr. Swami Venkatachalam Chetter, a Congress candidate, who defeated Sir Shanmukham Chetty, the President of the Assembly, by 757 votes to 665

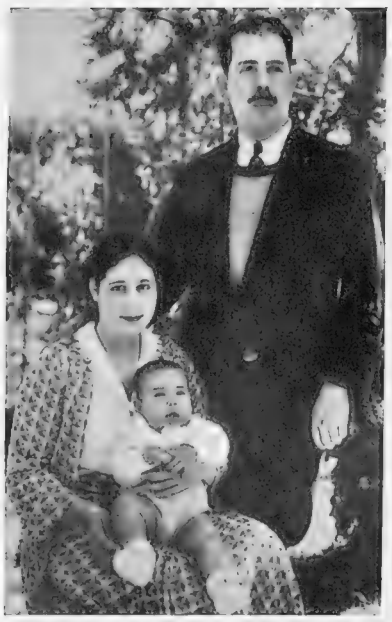
Driving army remounts, which had just arrived from Australia, into the Remount Depot near Calcutta Station. The horse does not thrive particularly well in the hot climate of India, and at fairly frequent intervals the introduction of new blood becomes imperative

A WILD-WEST SCENE IN AN EASTERN CITY

MEXICO EXPELS THE PRIESTS

The Bitter Struggle Between Church and State

From a Correspondent in El Paso, Texas



MEXICO'S NEW PRESIDENT: General Lazaro Cardenas with his wife and child. He is of Spanish and Tarascan Indian descent, is only thirty-nine, and is the youngest man who has ever held the highest office in the State

THE POWER BEHIND THE SCENES: Señor Plutarco Calles who was President of Mexico from 1924 to 1928 and who, although refusing to hold high office, is to-day the most powerful political figure in the country. His revolutionary educational programme, which forbids religious teaching in the schools, is now being put into operation

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The thing to watch for in Mexico is the overthrow of Plutarco Elias Calles—the power behind the Presidency who has ordered the expulsion of all Roman Catholic priests from the country.

He has plenty of enemies, not all of them Catholic, and there are many who are bitterly opposed to his revolutionary programme of education.

Although the Mexican Government has publicly accused Roman Catholic clergymen, both Mexican and American, of conspiring against it, and although the conspicuous counter-revolutionaries in Mexico to-day call themselves the "Cristeros," it would not be necessary to suppose a clerically-inspired movement against Calles and "the revolution."

Regardless of what attitude the Roman Catholic church might take, and it has publicly disavowed a programme of violence or any other illicit procedure, the fact that Calles is moving against the Catholic church traverses the conscience of practically all Mexican people. If they were able, the Mexican people would rebel in the face of the church's injunction; but they would not need its approval.

With these facts in mind, it is interesting to note how far Calles has gone with his anti-clerical policy.

(1) Besides publicly accusing the clergy of conspiracy against the Government, the Government has announced that prelates are not Mexican citizens on the ground that they acknowledge a prior allegiance to the Papal State;

(2) Ecclesiastical marriages have been forbidden throughout Mexico, and the benefit of clergy is now denied the dead;

(3) Churches are being closed rapidly throughout the country, and the supreme court has ruled that if a Roman Catholic service is held in a privately-owned building the building automatically becomes the property of the State;

(4) Protestant, as well as Roman Catholic, churches have been closed in the State of Chihuahua, and the ban will probably be extended to the whole country (the anti-clerical movement has been pressed with special vigour and despatch in Chihuahua, probably because, in every Mexican revolution, the control of the northern cities has been the deciding factor);

(5) School teachers have been informed that they must either support the Government and its Socialist educational programme or resign, and that at an early date all teachers will be called upon to participate in a public demonstration of loyalty;

(6) Attorney-General Portes Gil has been instructed to proceed with whatever vigour necessary against revolutionary activity.

It seems clear that too successful arms and ammunition smuggling, combined with the widespread and furious resentment of the move to impose the Socialist educational programme, embodying among other features the study of sex hygiene and birth control, forced Calles to commence the expulsion of the clergy somewhat sooner than he had planned. Nevertheless, he had entrenched himself against the day when this step would have to be taken if his programme were to proceed further with remarkable astuteness.

The army, for example, although it is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic in its convictions, and would conceivably turn on Calles if it dared, is, as all of the soldiers know, so thoroughly honeycombed with spies that no soldier dares to discuss rebellion with any other soldier.

The friendship of the United States was carefully secured after a long period of hostility between the two countries. As if his own shrewdness were not enough, Calles was favoured by fortune in this matter when President Coolidge sent Dwight Morrow, a member of J. P. Morgan and Co., and the father-in-law of Charles A. Lindbergh, to Mexico as an ambassador.

Morrow's first act upon reaching Mexico City was to remove from in front of the embassy the sign, "American Embassy," and to replace it with one reading "United States Embassy," thus disclaiming the exclusive right of citizens of the United States to call themselves "Americans."

He and the members of his family then proceeded to take an active interest in renascent Mexican art, letters, and archæology.

Beyond this, he approached the Government on the issues in long dispute between the two countries as if Mexico were to be consulted and agreed with, instead of dictated to.

Calles was wise enough to take full advantage of the overture. Brushing aside a long past during which the United States had bullied and robbed Mexico, he quickly established an entirely changed relation between the two countries. This hasty summary may make the new arrangement appear to be far more "idealistic" than it really is; but the fact remains that Calles did fortify himself against the possibility that the United States would aid, comfort, and abet his enemies in the day when he would move against the powerful Roman Catholic Church.

At the same time, he laid the foundation for a remarkable improvement in the material condition of his people, which has gone forward ever since Calles became the dominant factor. That is the third point to consider.

American capital has poured into Mexico ever since the Calles-Morrow agreement. It continues to pour in now in the face of the menacing storm. An El Paso firm that has been expanding in Mexico during the Calles régime has informed this writer that it will continue to enlarge its investments, regarding the Calles régime as the most stable and the best government that Mexico has ever had.

At the same time, if the Mexican labourer is being exploited by American capital, and he probably is, he doesn't recognize it. Where he has been affected, he is much nearer Heaven than he ever hoped to be on earth. His wages are higher. The conditions of his toil are improved. He is benefiting by sanitation, medical service, road-building, irrigation, mechanical equipment, and electric power, combined with the development of "model" cities and rural communities that must leave him somewhat bewildered.

Mexico City, moreover, has been and remains swamped with American tourists. Hotel rooms may be reserved only five weeks in advance. Several hundred sleeping-cars are maintained on side tracks by the railroads to accommodate visitors who cannot obtain hotel rooms.

And Calles, the author of a transformed Mexico, has avoided public office.

Defeating Francisco "Pancho" Villa in 1915, he became governor of the State of Sonora, he embarked on a rapidly ascending career, being elected president in 1924 by the largest majority ever given a candidate for the presidency of Mexico.

Calles could still be president of Mexico; but, contrary to the predictions of the cynical, when his four-year term was finished, true to his enunciation of principle, he stepped aside to make room for Obregon, and retired to private life, but was forced to rule Mexico alone, after Obregon was assassinated in July, 1928, if his revolution were not to be destroyed.

He ruled only long enough to restore order, and since then has protected the not-too-impressive administrations of Pascual Ortiz Rubio and Abelardo Rodriguez, and has insured the inauguration of the new president, Lazaro Cardenas.

It remains to be seen whether the reforms and improvements of Calles will endure. This writer doubts very much that they will. Mexico has never seen a man like Calles. He combines all the ability of the ruthless Porfirio Diaz with all the love of the people of the equally ruthless "Pancho" Villa. And he possesses a gift that belonged neither to Diaz nor Villa, the gift of having power and not using it, the gift of trying to avoid the extirpation of his enemies and of trying to make as many friends as possible.

PERSECUTION: One of the thousands of Priests who have been turned out of Mexico for opposing the Government's anti-religious policy

THE PEONS: The religiously-minded peasantry who feel so deeply the expulsion of the priests and the closing of the churches

A Cross-Channel Steamer Visits the Port of Brussels

ON THE TREE-LINED WILLIBROEK CANAL: A view from the decks of the new Ostend-Dover mail boat, *Prince Baudouin*, as she was on her way to Brussels Docks where she was opened to the public for inspection. Since the beginning of the present century sea-going vessels have been able to reach the Belgian capital, but this is the largest that has ever made the journey. *Inset on right*—The *Prince Baudouin* at Brussels

CHAMPION WEIGHT-LIFTERS OF THE LONDON DOCKS

A 100-ton dock gate being removed for repairs from the West India Dock. It was first handled by a 150-ton crane and then, as this picture shows, transferred to a smaller floating crane which, after a great struggle, succeeded in manœuvring it into the required position

THE SWITZERLAND

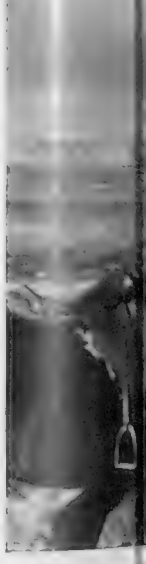
New Pictures from Basutoland, the Hon

AN INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE: A Basuto girl, dressed in a white sheep fur, grinding corn outside her hut. As many of the male inhabitants are away for a part of the year, working in the mines, on the railways or in domestic service, the women left at home often have to sow and gather the crops in addition to their household duties

IN THE PICTURESQUE MALUTI MOUNTAINS, where the ideal way to travel is on horseback, as there is little or no bush, and there are few trees. This range towers above the surrounding countryside to a height of over ten thousand feet

TOO SUBTLE OR TOO SIMPLE?: Playing morabarabe, the national pastime of the African natives. They will often engross themselves for hours in sliding the metal discs round the board, but to the white man the purpose of the game is something of a mystery

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: Letsie Molapo, Paramount Chief of the Basuto, with his sisters and his brother (right)



A PIONEER OF Institution a

Basutoland, which is bounded by Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State, is one of the most beautiful regions of South Africa—its snow-capped peaks with their jagged outlines, wild chasms, magnificent waterfalls and luxuriant valleys all contributing to a scene of amazing grandeur.

Until about 1820 the country was inhabited almost solely by members of the Bushman tribe, but the people that replaced them were of a much more intelligent type. They formed one of the few Native States able to resist the Zulus and, under their Chief Moshesh, not only repulsed them but contrived to live at peace with them afterwards. The tribe later came into collision with the Boer farmers who had encroached on their land, and the hostilities which ensued ended in 1868 in Moshesh seeking and receiving the protection of Great Britain.

To-day Basutoland is not included in the South African Union but is subject to the control of the Crown, the natives at the same time enjoying a wide measure of freedom and having, through their National Council, a voice in the government of the territory.

On left—A NATIVE NUN: A Basuto woman who lives and works at the Roman Catholic Mission at Roma

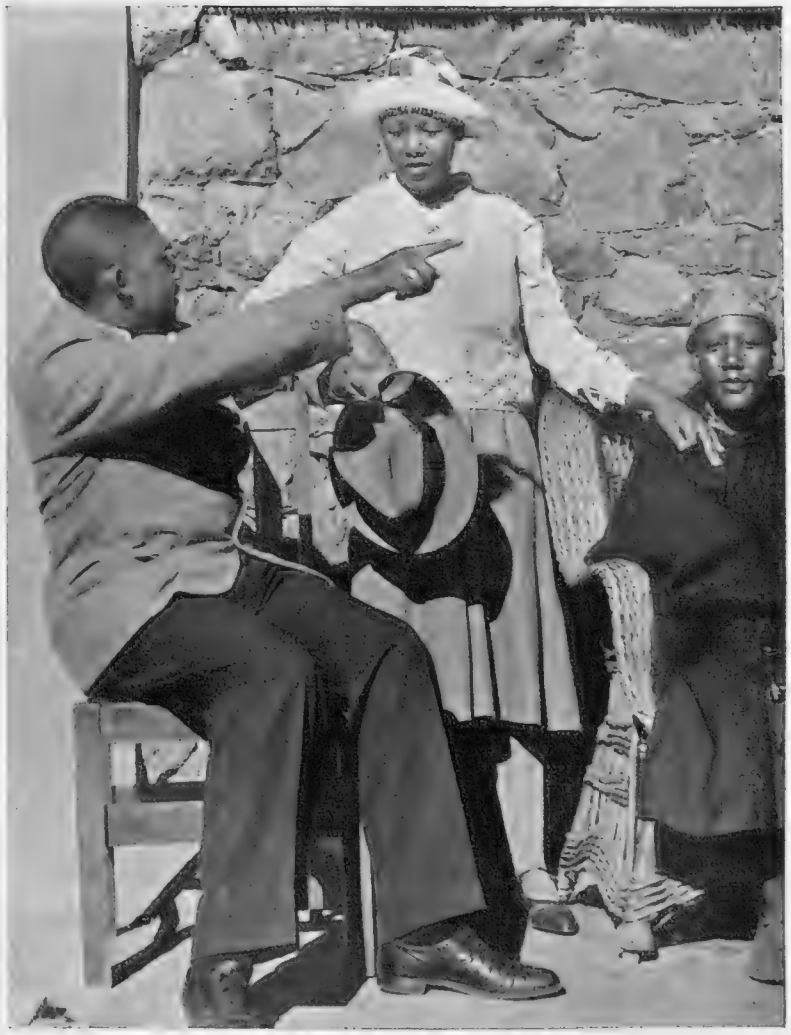
On right—A CHIEF'S KRAAL: An interesting camera study taken near Maseru, the capital of Basutoland

OF SOUTH AFRICA

e of a *Highly Intelligent Native Race*

STORM CLOUDS OVER THE MOUNTAINS: A magnificent view of the jagged peaks of the Maluti range taken from a doorway at the headquarters of the French-Canadian Roman Catholic Mission at Roma

EDUCATION: Monsieur Germand, a Frenchman, who is the headmaster of the Teachers' Training at Morija, one of the oldest white settlements in the territory. He is seen here with two of his sturdy Basuto ponies



AN ENLIGHTENED FAMILY: Paramount Chief Letsie Molapo with his wife (extreme right) and one of his sisters. He is a direct descendant of Moshesh, the founder of the Basuto nation, and as a youth was trained at one of the local mission schools. He is clearly a balanced type who has benefited and been made more contented with his lot as a result of the education he has received. Sometimes the reverse is the case

THE STAGE ABROAD: THE FIRST OF A SHORT SERIES OF ARTICLES

Plays that the Parisian Enjoys

WHAT new tendencies reveal themselves in the Paris theatre to-day? If I answer "scarcely any or even none," do not think that I am one of those dyspeptic highbrows who write off the modern stage in all countries as "commercial theatre" and believe that Moscow alone is "getting anywhere" to-day.

"COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA": Annabella as Rosalind in a French translation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* which was presented recently in Paris

Technically, in action, production and playwriting, the Paris stage has perhaps never been more alive. Players like Constant Rémy, Henri Rollan, Victor Francen, Lucien Rosenberg, Gaby Morlay, Renée Devilliers, Madeleine Soria, MadamePitoëff (all dramatic), Jules Berry, Dranem, Simone Simon, Valentine Tessier (comedy), besides being first-class in the usual sense, add a polish and an infinite command over shades of expression which is a particularly French achievement. Such varied producers as Gémier, Baty, Charles Dullin, Louis Jouvet and Jacques Copeau are presenting some of the finest stimulating and interesting work to be seen in Europe. With playwrights like Henry Bernstein (*L'Assaut, Melo, Félix*), Marcel Pagnol (*Topaze, Marius*), H. R. Lenormand (*Ratés, Le Simoun, Le Mangeur de Rêves*), Paul Géraldy (*Aimer, Robert et Marianne*), Jules Romains (*Donogoo, Musse, Knock*)—with playwrights such as these the French stage will stand comparison with the best of any country.

Nevertheless I agree with Jacques Copeau, who, when asked the other day why he chose Shakespeare's *As You Like It* with which to return to Paris recently after a long absence, replied that there is no modern French dramatist who depicts the problems of humanity in 1934 as well as England's Shakespeare! There is no 1934 Brieux discussing social problems, no 1934 French Bernard Shaw developing a new theatre of ideas which is to revolutionize the thought of the coming generation. If the French stage has made great technical strides since 1914 it has not yet found, in Copeau's opinion, a school of dramatists who can interpret the agonizing problems of the post-war era.

MADAME LUDMILLA PITOËFF: A brilliant player of comedy rôles on the French stage

It would be difficult to draw up a concise list of ideas in plays exploited by the post-war London theatre, for musical comedy and "thrillers" apart it seems to me to be interested in a wide range from farce, "social" comedy and drama, to historical plays. But the French playwrights, producers and actors of 1934 are still exploiting the two themes which interest the Frenchman beyond all others—political satire and passion. The average Frenchman takes an insatiable delight in witty, disillusioned portrayals of corrupt politicians in State and Municipal public life who cover themselves with gorgeous mistresses out of money spoliated from his pocket. On the rare occasions on which such themes have been presented in London they have been in "plays with a purpose." This illustrates the fundamental difference between the Anglo-Saxon who rebels against abuses and wishes to "do something about them" and the Frenchman who feels that the only sensible thing to be done about abuses is to extract amusement from them. Hence politics in England inspire serious plays like Galsworthy's *Justice*, charged with indignation, while politics in France inspire wit and comic situations as in Pagnol's *Topaze*.

The Frenchman likes strong drama, which may or may not end happily, or else he likes "love" wittily treated in the same cynical, disillusioned way as politics. Now that Henry Bataille (*Le Scandale, Maman Colibri*) is dead, Henry Bernstein remains the foremost exponent of serious passion, while Jacques Natanson (*L'Été*) and Yves Mirande (*Simone est comme ça*) are amongst the most popular writers of comedy and farce.

To many an Englishman the Comédie Française is associated with stern, self-educative duty; "I ought to learn something of the French classics," he says. He enters the theatre with grim determination, and leaves it with conscious rectitude. But to the Frenchman the Comédie Française is not a classroom. Founded in 1680 it continues to dominate the French stage in 1934. It is the one and the only theatre outside which you can daily see enormous, patient queues lined up in all weathers. The Théâtre Français is the greatest repertory theatre in the world.

Nevertheless the average English playgoer accustomed to the productions of Komisarjewsky, Tyrone Guthrie or Claude Gurney, may be forgiven if he thinks that he has fallen on a French revival of the late Nigel Playfair's barnstorming *Vincent Crummles*. The principals advance down the stage to proclaim their purple patches to the gallery and, like Crummles, wait for the applause to thunder forth on their final frenzied antistrophe; they have obviously never been disciplined by a producer; they "mask" each other and form clumsy groups about the stage. Their aim seems not to be the portrayal of character but to practise variety in "heroic" elocution. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is a fair picture of an average night.

Yet the disappearance of the Comédie Française would be a loss to the European stage. First, it would deprive the average modern actor, who cannot be heard farther than the sixth row of the stalls, with a chance to hear what a course in voice production could do for him. If Molière's comedians had not perfect control of their voices, their energetic ranting would reduce them to rasping whispers by the second act. Secondly, it would deprive us of the most valuable theatrical museum in the world. A similar institution in London, continuously presenting all the epochs of development of the British drama from John Heywood and Nicolas Udall to Shakespeare, the Restoration, and through nineteenth-century melodrama down to early Pinero, would be an inexhaustible treasure house, enabling one to see modern productions in their historical perspective with the whole national drama.

The Comédie Française's greatest players, of course, rise far above the declamatory rut of its average and the result is certainly fine. So that when you see any of the following billed, don't hesitate: Vera Korène, Mary Morgan, André Brunot, Pierre Bertin,

"LE PETIT CAPORAL": M. Firmin as Napoleon in *The Hundred Days*—a play by Signor Mussolini and Signor Giovacchino Forzano, which has been running at the Théatre Ambigue in Paris

and Albert Lambert *père*. But the average Français player can only be taken seriously as a museum piece. Such, however, is the prestige of Molière's house in 1934 that many ambitious young actors submit to its dramatic limitations for a number of years before breaking away to adventure in the wider possibilities of the Boulevard theatres; they bring to the modern drama a first-class asset in their flexible trained voices, audible in their faintest whisper and perfectly articulated in their fastest torrent. Perhaps the two greatest deserters from the Français are Victor Francen and Henri Rollan—take Ainley's voice, Gielgud's Shakespearean manner, add Laughton's astounding modern mixture of naturalness and subtlety, and you will understand why their names on any bill spell a rare dramatic treat.

The Americanisation of musical comedy and revue into slick, well-drilled, theme-songed, fast moving masses, interspersed with jokes rather than humour, has made little progress in Paris. Musical comedy sticks to the *operette* type and revue has not become a glorified variety show but remains what its name means—a review of topical events. Revue comedians of the Hulbert-Buchanan type who always remain their own (certainly inimitable) selves whatever the show, scarcely exist in Paris yet, or, like Henri Garat, find a home in French films where American influence is strong. "Rip" still dominates the *revue* stage as the most tireless slasher of (of course) politics and "love." His irreverent malice, alternately good-humoured and cruel, shows no signs of waning invention. His skit on this year's Davis Cup, which portrayed Lord Tyrrell, the late British Ambassador, doing a

(Continued on p. 544)

NAMES THAT PASS WITH THE YEARS

When Bridesmaids Become Wives

In a few years many of the eight bridesmaids who gathered in London in November for the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent will themselves have become brides, and the names under which they appeared at the ceremonies will have been forgotten.

Who, for instance, would recognize to-day Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh or Princess Alice of Battenberg? They were among the ten bridesmaids who escorted our present Queen when as Princess Victoria Mary of Teck she married the then Duke of York rather more than forty-one years ago.

Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh was one of the daughters of King Edward's eldest brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who became Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Princess three years after figuring as one of Queen Mary's maids, married Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

Two of her sisters were also among the retinue—Princess Victoria, who is now the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, having married the late Czar's cousin in 1905 after her first union with a cousin, the former reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, had been dissolved, and Princess Beatrice, who married the Infante Alfonso Maria of Orléans.

There were two other pairs of sisters among Princess Mary's maids, all of them members of the British Royal Family. One couple consisted of the bridegroom's own sisters, Princess Victoria, whose birthday fell upon the wedding day, and Princess Maud, who in another three years married Prince Charles of Denmark and was afterwards called upon to share with her husband the throne of Norway.

Of the other sisters, daughters of the veteran Duke of Connaught, one in later years shed her royal title, for Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught has become Lady Patricia Ramsay, the wife of a distinguished sailor. The other, Princess Margaret, married the Crown Prince of Sweden, and died to the deep regret of her adopted country after fifteen happy years of wedded life.

Another of our Queen's maids married a monarch who has since lost his throne. Her official style was Princess Victoria of Battenberg, the only daughter of Princess Beatrice, but she was better known as Princess "Ena" when she went to Spain to marry King Alfonso on a day which was marked by an attempt on the life of her husband and her own. Her niece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, was one of Princess Marina's maids.

The remaining two bridesmaids were Princess Alice of Battenberg, the grand-daughter of Princess Alice and the daughter of the splendid sailor who became the Marquess of Milford Haven, and now the wife of Prince Andrew of Greece, and Princess Helena Victoria, one of the daughters of Princess Christian.

THE ART OF J. C. DOLLMAN:

A Distinguished Painter of Subject Pictures, who Exhibited at the Academy Almost Continuously for Sixty Years

"LES MISÉRABLES"

A water-colour which is now in the possession of the London Museum

Painted in 1899, and shown in the Royal Academy of that year

"ROBINSON CRUSOE"

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?": A study which conveys as thought-provoking a message to-day as it did when it was painted twenty-five years ago

"THE SPELL": At varying times Mr. Dollman did many pictures with this theme which appears to have had a peculiar fascination for him

"ST. ANTONY": "When the enemy saw himself to be too weak for the Saint's determination, then he attacked him with the temptation he is wont to use"

"TIGERS": A picture completed in 1932 when the artist was eighty-one

DISTURBED: A lion and lioness with their cubs. Mr. Dollman's last picture

Of recent years there have been few subject painters of the calibre of Mr. John Charles Dollman, whose death a week or two ago robbed the world of art of one of its most industrious, efficient, and well-liked figures. Mr. Dollman, who was in his eighty-fourth year, was born at Hove and as a young man studied at the Royal Academy School where he won an important prize for historical painting, and achieved considerable distinction in the life class. The early part of his career was largely devoted to black and white work, and for a long period he was principal draughtsman on the staff of *The Graphic*, the illustrated weekly newspaper which is now incorporated in *The Sphere*. At the same time, however, his subject paintings were beginning to attract attention at the Academy; Mr. Dollman's straightforward, almost photographic, style appealing alike to those with and without a knowledge of art. Some of his pictures were intensely dramatic, and "Les Misérables" (1886), which is reproduced on this page; "A Very Gallant Gentleman," a memorial to Captain Oates; "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"; and "The Hunter" (1911); typify the great vitality of his work. Even after his eightieth year Mr. Dollman, although having countless other interests, continued to paint with undiminished energy, and up to within a few days of his death was busy at his easel.

THE PRICE of a BLOW

Prize-Fighters and their Rich Financial Harvest

By CHARLES GRAVES

As Billy Bennet (Almost a Gentleman) might have said, "There's gold in them thar gloves."

After conversations with Jeff Dickson and his new rival, A. J. Elvin of Wembley, I have secured some interesting figures about the earnings of the principal boxers during 1934. It does not by any means follow that there will be any parallel between these figures and those for 1935. In fact, there will probably be no parallel whatever. What makes a boxer's life so exciting is not so much the fact that he may be knocked out as the fact that if and when he becomes a champion he can command double or treble what he can get merely as the challenger. Prize-fighting, after all, is the only unrehearsed drama which people can pay to see.

At the head of the financial list of prize-fighters in England this year we must put Jack Petersen, who made £9,500 in four fights. Next comes Len Harvey, whose gloves earned him £9,350. Neusel made £7,500; Gains collected £4,000; Mizler made something in the neighbourhood of £3,000; George Cook earned about £2,500 (if as much); Jack Doyle for his solitary appearance was paid £1,000.

Harvey's case is particularly interesting. In September of 1933, he was prepared to offer his services to anybody for £300 for a fight. Jeff Dickson matched him with Petersen and paid him £500. Harvey was delighted. He also won the fight, and was thus able to command £2,000 to fight Gains for the latter's Empire title in January. Gains was also paid £2,000. Having defeated Gains, Harvey's drawing capacity was increased, and he was paid £5,000 for his fight with Petersen at the White City in June, Petersen receiving £3,000. His next fight with Jimmy Tarrante, which ended unsatisfactorily because Harvey refused to wear Dickson's foul-proof protector, was not important, and only brought him £1,100. For his fight with Neusel at Wembley a few weeks ago he received £1,250.

Petersen, having lost his title to Harvey in the October fight of 1933, was paid £3,000, as I have said, to fight Harvey in June of this year. Having won the title from him in this fight, he commanded £4,000 for his fight with Gains in September, for which Gains received £2,000. The balance of £2,000 is what he was paid for fighting George Cook a fortnight ago, Cook receiving £1,000. These two men, however, face 1935 with very different possibilities. Petersen has already signed up to fight Neusel on February 3 at Wembley, and will receive £3,750 for so doing. Neusel for this fight will receive £1,750. By the by, he was paid £6,000 by a German promoter to fight Schmeling in Hamburg this summer. This was the top price for one performance this year. Harvey, on the other hand, cannot look forward to more than £1,000 at the outside for his next fight, which will presumably be with Gains.

Mizler opened the year's fighting programme with his fight against Johnny Cuthbert at the time that Mizler was coming up from the East End and Cuthbert was on the down grade. As you recall, it was a good decision and a fine fight to watch. Unfortunately the victory went to Mizler's head, or rather to his manager's head, and Dickson could not entice him into the ring against a class fighter for nine months. Ultimately the British Board of Boxing Control forced him to fight Kid Berg, who proved in ten rounds that Mizler was not a champion. Mizler was paid £1,500 for this fight having got £500 to meet Cuthbert. His other fights during the year, at the Ring, Blackfriars, and other halls probably brought him in £1,000 in the form of £60, £125, £200, and the like.

The next fight after the Mizler-Cuthbert clash was between Larry Gains and Harvey on February 8, which drew exactly £6,763 5s. 5d. I have already given the figures of what the boxers were paid. It was a bad fight and the less said about it the better. Meantime, Petersen was anxious to make his come-back after his defeat by Harvey, and was matched on March 8 against Ben Foord, the champion of South Africa, whom he beat. The prize money for this fight was not disclosed to me, but one can guess there were not more than £500 at the outside for Petersen.

Jeff Dickson then tried to revive Jack Doyle, and on March 19 put him against Borrington, which was to have been the first of four contests. Jeff reckoned that because of Jack Doyle's colourful personality he would be a draw. He was not. The receipts were £1,017. £1,000 of this was paid to Doyle, leaving £17 for the rest of the bouts, the hire of the hall, and all the overhead expenses. The fight did not last out one round, and included probably the most expensive punch that Jeff Dickson can recall—it cost him a matter of £850 for the blow.

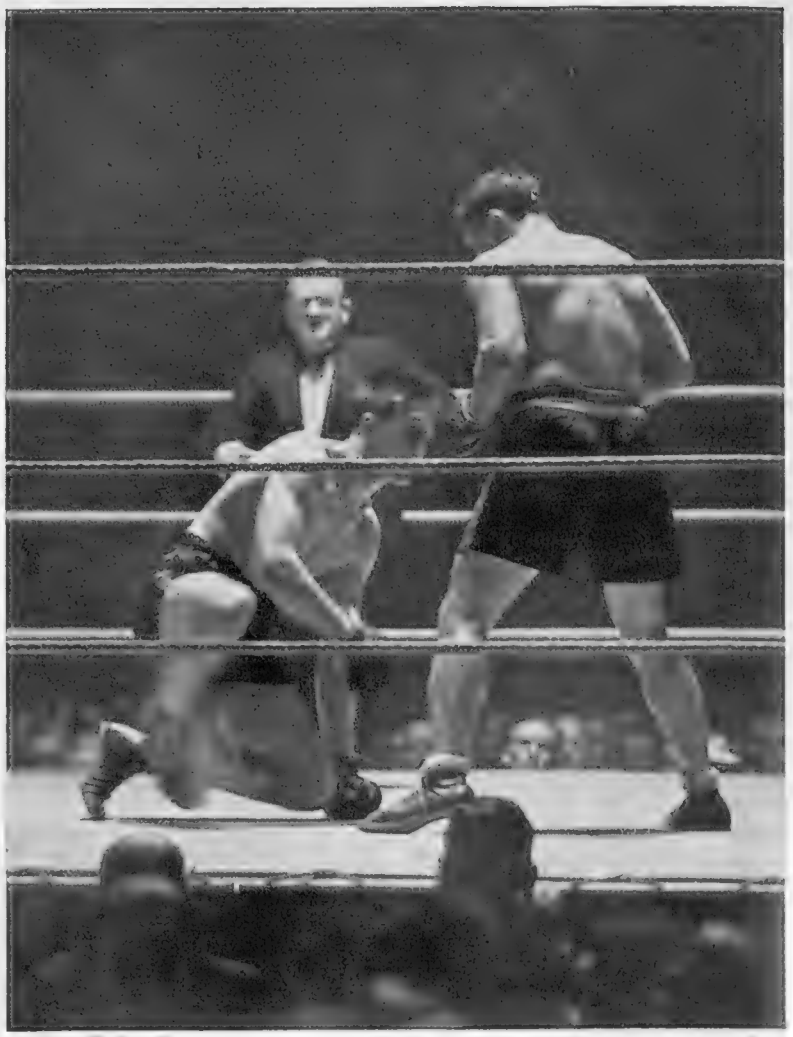
After the Harvey-Tarrante fight Dickson matched Seaman Watson with Al Brown, but four days before the fight in May the British Board of Boxing Control disqualified Al Brown for some incident in Mexico. Then came the Harvey-Petersen championship fight, followed by the Petersen-Gains fight. Both duly took place on beautiful evenings. October was to have seen the clash between Obie Walker and Pettifer, but the British Board of Boxing Control put up a ban saying that Obie Walker was too good for the Englishman. Next came the fight between Dave Crowley and Freddy Miller, the world's champion, at the Albert Hall. It was a poor fight. This was followed by the Mizler-Berg clash. The illness of Tunero prevented his fighting MacAvoy at the Albert Hall on November 8. Later on in Manchester MacAvoy put Tunero back to bed. Jeff Dickson's last promotion was the Cook-Petersen fight.

Until October Jeff Dickson had more or less a monopoly of prize-fighting promotion in England. With the erection of the Wembley sports arena, however, A. J. Elvin came into the market and staged the Harvey-Neusel fight, the figures of which I have already given. He followed this up by matching Tarleton, the champion, with Dave Crowley, for which Tarleton was paid £650 and Crowley £350. An interesting situation has thus arisen. The stadium at Wembley has 9,700 seats compared with the 5,000 at the Albert Hall. This evidently gives Elvin a great advantage, even though it is farther away. On the other hand, nearly all the Continental fighters are under contract to Jeff Dickson, and sooner or later Elvin will be needing to go outside this country for his contesters. Humery, Marcel Thil, and Locatelli are all under Jeff Dickson's control. It is true that Neusel and Seelig are available for Elvin, but they are the exceptions to the rule. Jeff Dickson also has this advantage, that in addition to the Albert Hall he has outlets for his boxers in Paris, in Spain, and in other parts of the Continent.

So far, Jeff Dickson says "At the present time I am not putting up a fight against Wembley. I am waiting until Elvin comes to earth. Then there will be a battle. Any promoter that wrecks the system of percentage payments which it has taken years to establish and is usual all over the world will find that it is only he who suffers. By that system I mean that no fighter is worth more than what he is able to draw. I give a percentage on the gate, but that is all. I do not give a percentage on the sale of the programmes or a percentage on the receipts from the catering and the car parks. What has 1934's boxing proved? It has proved that there will be a scrap between Elvin and myself in London."

Jeff Dickson refused to say what fight he considered would be the best of 1935. My own feeling is that the middleweight title contested between Marcel Thil and MacAvoy at the correct weights (as opposed to the fight in Paris between these two men on January 15) must be the greatest fight of 1935. And I expect that Jeff will arrange for this. Elvin has other views. He considers that the best fight that 1935 could produce would be between Jack Petersen and Steve Hamas, who is fourth on the world's heavyweight list. After the wretched display, however, that Petersen put up against George Cook a fortnight ago, it seems to me that Steve Hamas, who will in any event be probably fighting Max Baer for the world title in July, would eat our champion, if indeed he condescended to come over and make this meal of him. Whatever 1935 produces, however, it is certain that Petersen, unless he goes sick, must make another £7,000, and he will probably earn more. If Harvey and Gains make half of what they made in 1934 they will both be lucky in my opinion.

On the other hand, Seelig, the expatriated German Jew middleweight, who earned only £225 in his two fights in England this year, has every chance of making £3,000 or £4,000 in 1935. His slashing victory over Brennan made him very popular with the fans.



YOUTH VERSUS AGE: A heavy body-blow from George Cook, the Australian veteran, forces Jack Petersen to his knees. A dramatic picture taken during the recent fight at the Albert Hall for the British and the British Empire Heavyweight titles. Petersen, who was the winner, received £2,000

STRAIGHT AND TO THE POINT: Walter Neusel, of Germany, landing with his left on Len Harvey's jaw during their contest at the Empire Pool, Wembley. The fight was drawn

THE FITCH, THE KINKAJOU, THE CARIAMA, AND THE LYNX

Personalities at the London Zoo

THE CONTORTIONIST: The cariama, a native of the grassy regions of Guiana, Paraguay, and Brazil, is the fortunate possessor of a head that will turn in any direction. It is a bird of prey, it seldom uses its wings, it is swift of foot, and feeds largely on insects and reptiles

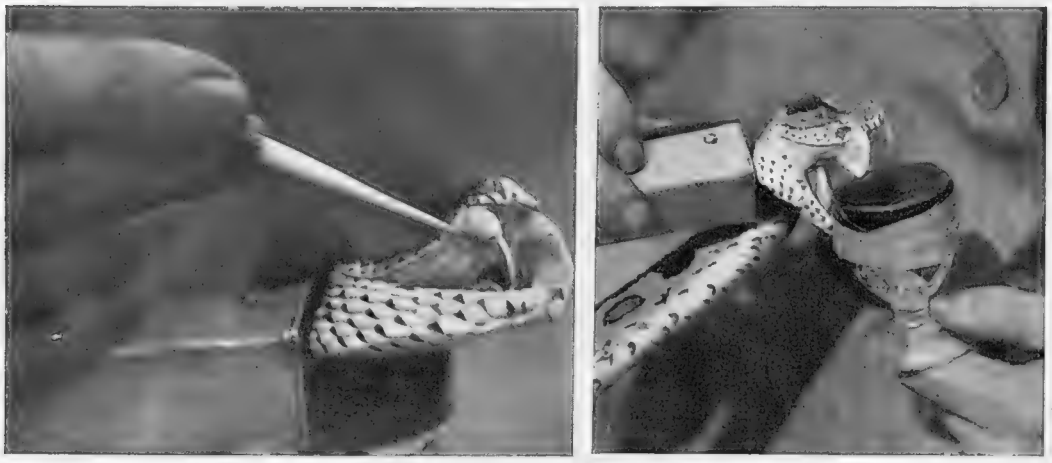
FRIENDS — BUT NOT AT MEAL TIMES: Two female lynx, which are among the most difficult creatures to manage at the Zoo by reason of their sullen and uncertain temper. They are, however, said to be less courageous than other felidæ of similar size

TABLE MANNERS: Joey, the South American kinkajou, making short work of a carton of honey given to him by his keeper. His most interesting characteristic, which is also possessed by members of the lemur family, is his ability to sit on his hindquarters and feed himself with his hands

A TOUGH CUSTOMER: A fitch, a cousin of the weasel and the polecat, taking its dinner on the stump of a tree. Like the species to which it is related, it has courage out of all proportion to its size, and is noted for its wariness, agility, and bloodthirstiness

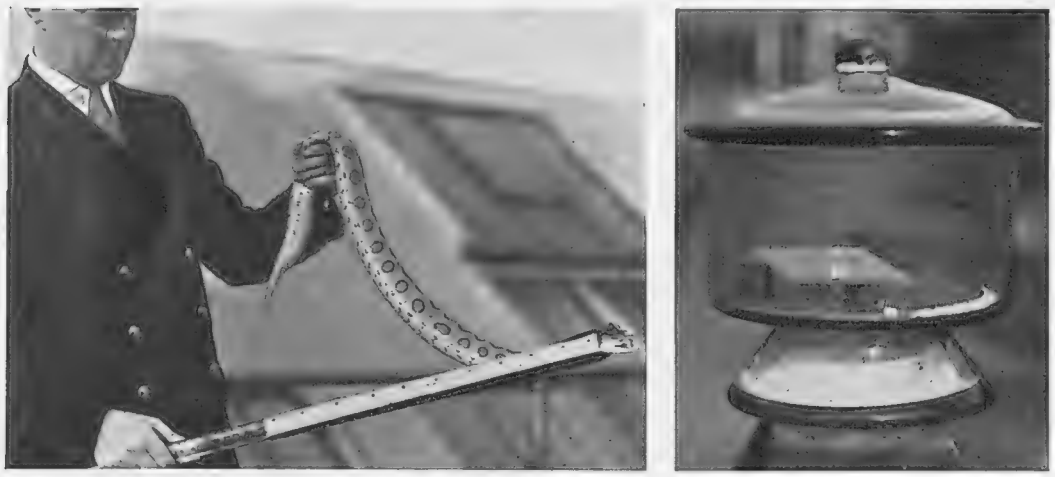
MODERN MEDICINE'S MIRACLE

How the Dread Disease of Hæmophilia Can be Treated

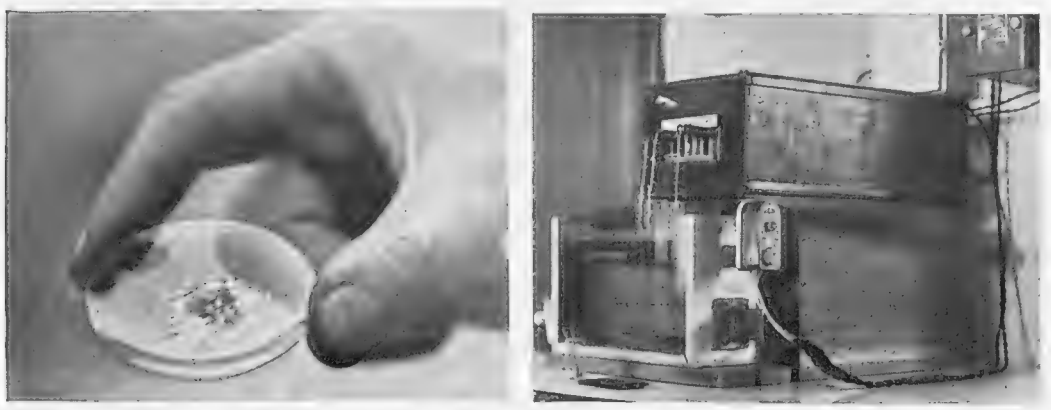


AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY: It has been known for a long time that the venom of certain poisonous snakes possessed the property of hastening the clotting of blood, but it was also believed that it was too dangerous to employ with safety. Now it has been found that the venom of Russell's viper contains the blood-clotting attribute in an enormously powerful concentration; so powerful, in fact, that it can be diluted with 10,000 times its own weight of water and still retain sufficient strength for treating hæmophilia, the terrible disease which often causes those afflicted with it to bleed to death after the slightest cut or after a severe bruise. The picture on the left shows one of the fangs of a Russell's viper, and that on the right shows the venom being extracted by causing the snake to bite on a glass covered with a thin sheet of rubber

BENEFICENT POISON: Another picture showing the snake's head held in a noose as its fangs pierce the rubber covering and inject the venom into the glass



PREPARATORY PROCESSES: *Left*—The special holding stock in which the viper is placed while the venom is being extracted. *Right*—The venom being dried over calcium chloride



THE FINISHED PRODUCT: *Left*—The dried venom in the form of yellow crystals. *Right*—The apparatus which is used to test its ability to coagulate blood

A JAPANESE BOMBSHELL

Her Denunciation of the Washington Naval Treaty and its Probable Consequences

THE whole structure of the sea power of the modern world is changing before our eyes. Since the Great War international agreements have taken the place of unrestricted naval competition. But now Japan has thrown a bomb which bids fair to shatter this post-war system. She has denounced the Washington Treaty of 1922 and given notice of its termination at the end of 1936.

The Washington Treaty was the first step in substituting agreement for competition. It formed the foundation stone of the whole system. The London Treaty of 1930 was based upon it. To quote the preamble of the London Treaty, it was designed "to carry forward the work begun by the Washington Conference." Therefore, neglecting all technical questions of limits of tons and guns laid down in the London Treaty, one must realize that the Japanese action in denouncing the Washington Treaty also sounds the death knell of the London Treaty.

It appears certain, therefore, that both these treaties, which together make up the framework of the post-war system of rationing sea power, will lapse on December 31, 1936. Is it possible to build some structure in their place which will continue the policy of rationing by agreement and avoid unrestricted competition in naval armaments?

Both Treaties provide for the holding of a Naval Conference next year. It is thought in some quarters, however, that the High Contracting Parties may agree to postpone any such conference *sine die*. There is much to commend such a course. If the views of the Powers are so diametrically in opposition as to render any agreement impossible, a conference cannot but draw attention to the existing differences, inflame public opinion, and lead to accusations of "guilt," which would mitigate strongly against the main objective of a conference — the preservation of peace.

At the moment it seems only too plain that the views of the Powers are so much at variance as to render prospect of agreement so remote as to be virtually impossible. On the one hand we have Japan insisting upon full and unqualified equality in naval armaments. She states her willingness to enter into a new agreement based upon this principle. But, on the other hand, the United States of America are uncompromisingly opposed to Japanese equality. American spokesmen have given out that the United States will enter into no agreement which is not based upon the ratio of naval strengths laid down in the Washington Treaty, that same ratio which has led to Japan's abrogation of the Washington Treaty. Moreover, Mr. Swanson, the United States Secretary of the Navy, has announced his intention of seeking power to lay five keels to every three laid by Japan. Even if one neglects the Franco-German problems, the sharpening of Mediterranean differences by the recent laying down of two Italian battleships, and the obvious need of the British Empire for more cruisers, it must be conceded that there is lack of material for building a new structure for the limitation of naval armaments.

In face of these facts one cannot foresee any continuation of the system of rationed sea power as we have known it for the past fourteen years. Nor can there be any going back to the pre-war policy of naval competition. For one thing, there are now three great maritime Powers instead of two, while the other navies are relatively far more powerful than they were prior to 1914. Moreover, warship costs have risen, and national wealth has shrunk so that fierce competition would now impose a burden which would speedily ruin a nation.

We are left with the whole issue in a state of flux. The greatest need in the world to-day is a stabilising influence. Here, surely, lies the opportunity of the British Empire. It is acknowledged to possess heavier overseas commitments than any other nation. It is not swayed by the racial feeling which denies stability to the other great naval Powers. A unilateral declaration of the naval needs and policy of the Empire, based upon absolute commitments, would be of untold value. Were the defences of the British Empire speedily set in order on a basis of absolute requirements and such a declaration made it would be clear that the blame for any possible increase in the numbers or tonnage of warships would lie upon a nation building beyond its actual requirements. An absolute factor would replace the eternally-moving relative factor, and the much-needed stabilising influence would be set up.

Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edwards

ENTERTAINING LONDON

Musical Celebrities of the Season

COUNT JOHN McCORMACK, the great Irish-American tenor, bowing in response to the applause of an enthusiastic audience during a concert which he gave recently at the Albert Hall

A DISCOVERY: Ten-year-old Ruth Slenczinski whose playing has been highly praised by Josef Hofman, the great Polish pianist. She was born in San Francisco and at the age of three began her musical training, and at four is said to have given her first public concert. Curiously enough Hofman himself sprang into fame as a child, and when he was only nine actually went on a tour of Europe and America

MATURE BRILLIANCE AND YOUNG GENIUS: *Left*—Signor Tito Schipa, the premier lyric tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, who recently gave a concert at the Queen's Hall. *Right*—Miss Guila Bustabo, the sixteen-year-old violinist, who made her London début a few weeks ago. The instrument which she is seen playing was presented to her by Lady Ravensdale

AT THE OLD VIC.: Winifred Kennard, Rose Morris, and Ruth Naylor in a scene from Mozart's comic opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, which was presented on December 4, and which will be presented again on January 4. This theatre's elaborate programme of opera during the next few weeks includes *Hansel and Gretel, Die Fledermaus, Carmen, Lohengrin, Madam Butterfly, The Barber of Seville, and Cavalleria Rusticana*

A NEW APPOINTMENT: Mr. W. Peirce Waddington, M.A., who is a son of Professor Waddington of the Royal College of Music, and who has been given the important post of Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music. He succeeds Mr. Sax H. Wyndham, who is retiring at the end of this term

The World of Books

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

"Storm in Shanghai"—A Competent Translation of a Prize-winning Novel: Entertaining Anecdotes in Laurence Houseman's Biography of Queen Victoria: The Poems of Sir Robert Vansittart

ST. GILES'S CHURCH FROM THE WOODSTOCK ROAD: One of the many delightful pictures by A. B. Knapp-Fisher, F.R.I.B.A., which are reproduced in colour in the new edition of L. Rice Oxley's *Oxford Renowned* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Specialist in Royal subjects though he may be, one would not with confidence look to Mr. Laurence Houseman for a biography of the Great Queen which would be likely to please the courtiers. "Queen Victoria," Mr. Houseman affirms, "had a way with her." In VICTORIA REGINA (Cape. 10s. 6d.) he makes that quite clear, but he also makes certain that he has his own way with those ways of hers.

The method is what is termed "dramatic biography," which really means that history is plundered for dramatic effect; and wherever comedy is discoverable it must surely be at the expense of the subject under examination.

The resultant entertainment depends entirely upon your taste for satire, your attitude towards the de-bunking school of biography, and how you feel about the sacrosanctity of certain subjects. Personally, I can take pleasure from this kind of guying if it is as well done as Mr. Houseman does it; nor is it by any means certain that the triumph is entirely the author's—or that he intends it to be.

Without the slightest justification for it, I like to think that Mr. J. Brown, as he appears in this book, when summoned to Her Majesty's presence by bell, greeted her with the words, "Was Your Majesty wanting anything, or were you only ringing for the fun?" Mr. Ernest Shepard has illustrated the book and added greatly to its charm.

STORM IN SHANGHAI (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is a competent translation, by Mr. Alastair Macdonald, of last year's Goncourt prize novel, and a very remarkable piece of work it is.

The author, Mr. André Malraux, has achieved great distinction in his own country, is subtle, cynical, and powerful, but with a unity of thought and purposefulness that is very rare indeed. In English he is comparable in this to Mr. Sinclair Lewis, although their methods are widely different.

In the spring of 1927 there was an unsuccessful Communist rising in Shanghai, and that, baldly, is the theme of the book. The riots are seen through the eyes of three young Chinese revolutionaries. One is a caricature of a conventional revolutionary type, another is a pathetic, unstable creature, and the other is a dreamer in whose nature there is a deep horror of violence. He dies when he throws himself, with a bomb clasped in his hands, under the car of Chang Kai Shek. But the general is not in the car, and the episode points the hideous futility of the whole insurrection.

This is most definitely not a book for squeamish people, but it is impressive and, I think, important.

Some American writers are so completely the product of New York or the Middle West that their books can only have a very limited appeal for readers over here. I am thankful to say though, that none of this applies to Mr. Robert Benchley who has just produced a collection of short articles and sketches called FROM BED TO WORSE (Harper's). To show you the kind of man Mr. Benchley is, I will tell you that he has given his book the alternative title *or Comforting Thoughts About the Bison*.

Not that I am quite sure that that does show you the kind of man he is, because he is more than a writer of nonsense, whose work might get a little indigestible in the mass. He is an acute observer, perhaps trained to it by years of work as a dramatic critic in New York.

One thing strikes me as profoundly true. Writing of news photographs which have been taken at the most dramatic moments and in the most world-shaking circumstances, Mr. Benchley remarks: "In almost every picture you can discover one guy in a Derby hat who is looking in exactly the opposite direction from the excitement, totally oblivious to the fact that the world is shaking beneath his feet."

I liked, too, Mr. Benchley's version of an Irish Folk Tale which contains the (to me) memorable words: "Well, I'll be a sogh-and-sogh. A Jewish banshee!"

His ten rules for avoiding a cold in the head are worth reading, particularly the ninth, which reads: "If you think you have caught a cold, call in a good doctor. Call in three good doctors and play bridge." The illustrations are by Gluyas Williams and they are very funny ones.

'OSSES AND OBSTACLES (Collins. 15s.), will please you a lot, whether you understand hunting or not. It is a collection of the sketches of an artist who prefers to be known as Snaffles, and who ranks with Lionel Edwards and Gilbert Holiday in his drawings of horses in action. Two pictures which pleased me particularly were the illustrations to Mr. Jorrocks' immortal words: "Thrust your 'ead well into your 'at, 'arden your 'eart and carve your way to daylight."

"ACES MADE EASY": This is the title of an entertaining new book on bridge by W. D. H. McCullough (left), and Fougasse (right), which has just been published by Methuen's. The authors lightheartedly inform us that "it can be read with equal profit by those who have played auction but who have not yet tried contract, by those who have played contract but have not yet tried a system, and by those who have played both under the impression that they were playing the other"

Sir Robert Vansittart has written such a disarming prologue to his COLLECTED POEMS (Lovat Dickson. 6s.) that no reviewer can do less than read them with enthusiasm.

"'It's not as easy as you think'
The nettled poet sighed.
'It's not as good as I could wish,'
The publisher replied.

'It might,' the kindly critic wrote,
'Have easily been worse.'
'We will not read it anyhow,'
The public said, 'It's verse.'"

There is a width of range about these verses, which are ironical, philosophical, gay, and have only an exquisite and scholarly sincerity in common.

It would be hard to make a song about Wapping Old Stairs to-day, suggests Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, but his son has supplied the alternative. BELOW LONDON BRIDGE (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is a book of photographs by H. Charles Tomlinson, with a story rather in the manner of an essay, by his distinguished father. Some of the photographs have great quality, and there is not one that does not help us to discover something new in the river that we all think of as so familiar. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is at his very best, and the has always been a very high standard indeed.

At the other end of my reading list this week is HINTS TO MARABEL (John Lane. 7s. 6d.), which in its way is no less admirable. It is a collection of recipes and pieces of homely advice jotted down as they occurred to her, by a mother whose daughter was about to marry and settle down far away. The advice ranges from the best place to build a bonfire to the timely warning: "Never alter a maid's day out!" But the best advice of all was on giving medicine to a child. "When you have to administer a dose to a child," says the wise authoress, "don't deceive it and pretend you are giving it jam." How many hundreds of children will agree with this?

Talking of children, if I had a boy I would give him COMMODORE ANSON'S WORLD VOYAGE (Heinemann. 15s.), which is as fascinating a story of real adventure as I have ever read. Vice-Admiral Boyle Somerville has written the tale of the exploits of this eighteenth-century sea captain and his little ship, *Centurion*. Setting sail from Spithead one September day in 1740, Commodore Anson started out on the voyage that was to take him round the entire world and to bring him fame, recognition, and an immense number of Spanish prisoners. The story is well documented, and its very authenticity makes it all the more exciting.

Another tale of adventure, but of a different order, is RED SAUNDERS (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) by that vivacious and gifted author who writes under the name of "Sinbad."

This book deserves to be as famous and as successful as "Sinbad's" own amazing autobiography.

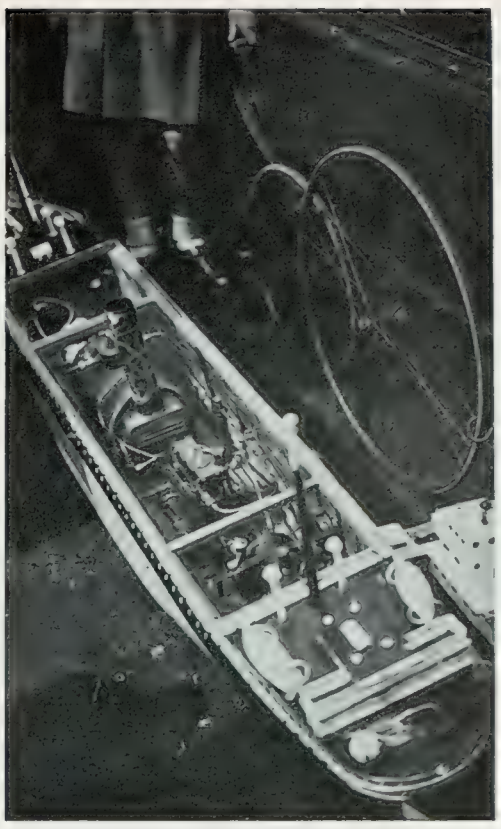
BOUGHT FOR THE NATION: Mr. Ernest Maggs (left), who acted as agent for the French Government in the purchase for £15,000 of the letters of Napoleon to Marie Louise, which were auctioned at Christie's last week, seen with officials of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris after delivering the 318 documents in person. The name of the discoverer of these historically important letters is being kept a close secret, but it is known that they were found about three months ago in a cupboard in a castle "somewhere in Europe"

On page 544 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

MINIATURE SHIPS ON A MINIATURE OCEAN

Marine Models on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens

PRIOR TO THE LAUNCH: *Left*—An enthusiast wheeling his model on the chassis of an old perambulator towards the Round Pond. *Right*—With its shroud removed



"THE WORKS": An overhead view of the engine-room of a liner

CRAFTSMEN": *Left*—The owners stand knee-deep in the water as they prepare to start their vessels out on a "voyage" across the pond. *Right*—A liner approaching the shore where the "skipper" is probably wailing to stop her before she injures her bows

IN DRY DOCK: Effecting repairs to the wireless aerial after a stormy crossing

TROUBLE DOWN BELOW: A study in concentration

On Saturday or Sunday at any time of the year the visitor to the Round Pond can always be sure of an hour or two of entertainment. There model yachts and model liners, superb examples of the shipbuilder's art in miniature can be seen showing their paces. It is a sight that appears to imbue young and old with equal enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that the number of people interested in this hobby, which actually has a journal devoted to its interests, is on the increase

"TWO YOUNGSTERS" engaged in a technical discussion on the grassy verge of the pond

DUNLOP
'90'
1935 - the Dunlop "90" Year

THE DUTCH AIR LINER DISASTER

And Other News Pictures

PRESIDENT, DEVOTEE, AND FRIEND: *Left*—Lord Lonsdale chatting with one of the performers at the Bertram Mills Christmas Circus which was opened at Olympia on Friday of last week. *Above*—One of the clowns paying a visit to Lord Lonsdale in his box

FAMOUS THEATRE AS A FILM STUDIO: A picture taken during the making of the screen version of the play *Escape Me Never!*—for which some of the ballet sequences were shot on the stage of Drury Lane. The film is being produced by the British and Dominions Company, and the leading part is being taken by Elisabeth Bergner

END-OF-TERM ENTERTAINMENT: Miss Patricia MacGillycuddy as Lucrezia Borgia and Miss Patsy Dixon, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Dixon, as Ricardo Ridolfi in a scene from the Christmas play given by the girls of Dunluce School, London

A TRAGEDY FOLLOWS A TRIUMPH: Twenty-four hours after Parmentier and Moll, the Dutch flyers who put up such a wonderful performance in the England-Australia air race, had been the guests of honour with Scott and Campbell Black at a dinner given in London by the Royal Aero Club, the machine in which they achieved their triumph was lying a mass of twisted wreckage in the Syrian Desert. It was on its way from Amsterdam to Java with the Christmas mails, and in the fire which followed the crash all four members of the crew and the three passengers were burnt to death. *Left*—Parmentier and Moll at the Royal Aero Club party. *Centre*—The ill-fated Douglas air liner, which, because of its size and the luxuriousness of its accommodation, earned the nickname of "The Flying Hotel." *Right*—The aerodrome at Rutba Wells, near which the disaster occurred

YULETIDE ENTERTAINMENT

Greta Nissen in the Second Edition of "Hi-Diddle Diddle!" Charlot's Successful Revue: "The Bing Boys are Here" Again: Arthur Riscoe in a Comedy of Errors at the Saville

PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK AT THE ALHAMBRA: Violet Loraine and George Robey who are playing the same parts in the revival of *The Bing Boys Are Here* as they did when the show ran for two years during the War and was visited by tens of thousands of soldiers home on leave. Much of the original dialogue has been brought up to date by Prince Littler and Blanche Littler

CELEBRATING A SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL: Prince Arthur of Connaught, Miss Blanche Littler, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Mr. George Robey, and the Earl of Macduff, seen during the party which was held at the Savoy after the first night of *The Bing Boys Are Here*

MASSED APPRECIATION: A section of the audience at the Alhambra on the first night of *The Bing Boys*. Among those in the picture are Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and Mr. J. T. Grein, the veteran critic

By PHILIP PAGE

JUNE having obeyed the call of pantomime her place in *Hi-Diddle Diddle!* at the Comedy has been taken by Greta Nissen, the revue having gone into a second edition in order to celebrate the new and most alluring arrival.

Miss Nissen, who has been seen in revue before as well as on the films, is a graceful mover with a Norwegian accent and an obvious desire to please. This last process needs no effort on her part, for she is one of those blondes whom gentlemen prefer. She can make acceptable even a feeble ditty (and she was allotted a couple of extremely feeble ones), and in the sketches, which are better, she displays a nice sense of comedy. Particularly in one entitled "Little Miss Muffit," in which she sends a bar-acquaintance quickly about his business.

But dancing is her strongest card. She seems mistress of almost any style and can be lifted up by her male partner (the loose-limbed and sinuous Mr. Walter Crisham) without suggesting a round-the-world suit-case being lifted by an octogenarian porter.

There are rather too many vague episodes taking place in semi-darkness to mournful music. But whenever Mr. Douglas Byng, who has a new and topical impersonation—an elderly pantomime dame—puts in an appearance, all is well. He is not the only comedian, for there are also Mr. Edward Cooper, consistently excellent, and Mr. Reginald Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner is a light comedian who is not only an admirable actor but an ideal asset to a smallish revue in that, without a touch of amateurism, he can turn the whole affair into a sort of private party—of the jolly, and not the ghastly, sort. He is a consummate master of the apparently little things which seem easy but are difficult. His performance with a gramophone defies both description and imitation. As an example of much made out of almost nothing it amounts to nothing less than genius. A pleasant fellow, withal.

Mr. John Buckmaster is solemnly graceful, and what there is at present of his singing voice is pure and tuneful.

"Too Good," by H. C. G. Stevens, is a clever trifle, and I envied Mr. Gardiner his luck in being "interrupted" in an episode, entitled "Zipp," by the Misses Rosemary Howard, Joan Howard, Jane Blackmore, and Patricia Leonard.

"The Bing Boys Are Here."—

The greatest obstacle which *The Bing Boys Are Here*, at the Alhambra has to face is the fact that the Bing Boys were there in 1916. It was difficult on the opening night to cut out the sentimental cackle and get to at any rate one serious 'oss; serious—that is to say for all concerned professionally—is this or is it not a diverting entertainment?

I say emphatically that it is, and that it is intrinsically worth seeing. The lapse of eighteen years has had much more effect on the "book" than on Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. George Robey, for that dates a bit and they do not. Some attempts have, of course, been made to polish it up; but while the core of the story serves well enough, much of the verbal humour is not of this age, though not yet old enough to serve as a museum piece. If *The Bing Boys* is revived again in 200 years' time (which is unlikely), some of those humorous lines may be reverenced as we reverence the Shakesperean clowns without being able to laugh at them. One episode in particular I could neither laugh at nor reverence.

But the greater part even of the book is more than competent and stands comparison favourably with those of the musical plays of the present day. There is interesting occupation, too, in the interval, when one can have bets with oneself as to how many acquaintances will declare that the theatre is full of ghosts and how they miss "poor old Alf. Lester."

I, too, missed Alf. Lester, that rare genius of gloom, with whom I travelled half over Europe a few months before his death. But that did not prevent me admiring and enjoying the performance of his successor, Rebla, who can juggle even with the letters of his name, which is nearly all of Albert spelt backwards. All that Rebla misses is the tremendous emphasis of Lester, who could keep on a dismal monotone and then suddenly blast forth a *fortissimo* syllable which made the whole theatre ring with immense effect.

The theatre, alas, is not the same; the tendency of certain musical productions of later vintage is to let their flavour sprawl into the auditorium; so the proscenium arch has now a pointed and gothic touch; golden railings encircle what used to be the stage-boxes from which it was so difficult to extract khaki-clad roysterers, and a curtain hides the site of that cosy little bar on the O.P. side which dispensed the material for roystering.

Gone, too, are the Alhambra stalls of yesteryear—vast club armchairs in which the tired (or tight) business man could recline and oft-times doze. When the entertainment was medium the stalls-floor at the Alhambra resembled an adult creche. But that never happened in the case of *The Bing Boys* of 1916. Nor will it happen to *The Bing Boys* of 1934–35, and not solely because only a midget could snuggle luxuriously in the Alhambra stall-lets of to-day.

For, as I have essayed to indicate, this is a bright, tuneful, colourful show which the newcomer should love for itself alone. The veterans can make what comparisons they may, though it is beyond dispute that Mr. Robey, turning cartwheels at 65, is the same inimitable George, in old songs and new, and that Miss Loraine, slim and charming and looking not eighteen days older, let alone eighteen years, is in very truth the only girl in the Bing world. Mr. Pip Powell and Mr. Frank Leslie are the only other survivors from the original cast,

ALTY AT A CHARITY MATINEE: The King and Queen watching the performance of *The Winning Post* which was presented at the Adelphi last week in aid of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. The play, described as a "Sporting Melodrama," was written in the 'nineties by Seymour Hicks in collaboration with the late Cecil Raleigh, and the cast included such well-known stage favourites as Owen Nares, Gladys Cooper, Godfrey Tearle, C. V. France, Bromley Davenport, and Anthony Ireland. During the interval Mr. Hicks auctioned for £800 a blank canvas on which a portrait is to be painted by Mr. Philip de Laszlo

though a gentleman of the 1916 chorus is now, I am informed, on duty in the dress-circle cloak-room, a less conspicuous and less romantic, though possibly a more useful job and undoubtedly a less precarious one.

There is plenty of dancing and beautiful ladies in plenty, too, "Beautiful Lady" being toasted memorially by a certain Lord Rip in the person of Mr. Charles Fletcher.

E ONE AND ONLY": *Left*—Wallace Beery as P. T. Barnum in the film depicting the life of the great showman of stars, stunts, and freaks, which is to begin its run at the London Pavilion on December 31. *Above*—Beery, with two of the juvenile players in the picture

"The Winning Post."—For the King George's Pension Fund Matinée at the Adelphi, at which Their Majesties were present, we dived much further back into the past. For *The Winning Post* was based on Mr. Seymour Hicks' drama *Sporting Life* originally produced at the Shaftesbury as long ago as 1898.

Mr. Hicks, of course, directed it and sold a blank canvas for £800 in the interval, looking as if 1908 was the year of his own birth. A man near me in the audience, who had bid £750 in order to keep the pot a-boiling, looked blanker than the canvas until the next bid, which seemed an unconscionable time in coming, put him out of his agony.

The occasion being a special one, with an all-star cast (it is not easy to get all-star casts to rehearse), serious criticism of this old, but not too old, play was hardly called for. Besides, the curtain having, for Reasons of State, to fall before 5 o'clock, the whole thing had to be rushed through with a true Hicksian hustle. But I vastly enjoyed the performances of Mr. Owen Nares as the hero (the part originally played by that bluff Irishman, the late Leonard Boyne), and of Miss Gladys Cooper as the wickedly beautiful Mrs. De Carteret. Masterly, too, were the histrionic efforts of Mr. Tom Webster and that famous actor, Sir Harry Preston.

The Winning Post is obviously exciting, well constructed, and full of comedy as well as of virtue and villainy. It has been cleverly brought up-to-date—there is even a Belisha beacon in it. When Drury Lane or the Lyceum are looking round for something to fill the bill, here it is.

"Jill, Darling!"—One day some enterprising person, courageous enough to be undaunted by the name of Shakespeare, will turn that first-rate farce, *The Comedy of Errors* into a musical comedy. I have more than once given this tip without hope of fee or reward, but as in the case of the man who stood on London Bridge one morning and offered to sell sovereigns for a penny a-piece, there were no takers.

Jill, Darling! the new—fairly new—entertainment at the Saville Theatre, nearly approaches the aforesaid arrangement in that Mr. Arthur Riscoe, a comedian pronounced alike in features and in style, plays both the Dromios. One Dromio is a drunken Scot who stands for Parliament as a Prohibition candidate, and the other Dromio is the son of what I took to be an impersonation of the genial Mr. Barry Neame. Never the twain did meet, although the holding of a screen before a figure recumbent on a sofa portended quick change and clever substitution—and it was so.

Mr. Riscoe was occasionally *risqué*. He skated on thin ice in a scene in a police cell, and there were howls of delight when the ice cracked. Tall, vulture-like, and hoarse-voiced, he might have been destined to portray the sinister and the macabre. In fact he is an admirable comedian, who can turn a poor line into a good one and make a good one irresistible. I would place as the zenith of a consistently amusing performance a political speech delivered in such a haze of alcohol that accents ranged from Glasgow to Dublin, from Wigan to Wales, and back again.

With him, as counsel for the cachination, are Mr. Frederick Lloyd, Mr. Sebastian Smith, Mr. Gus Sharland, and Miss Viola Tree, with whom I sympathise, for she struggles with the worst part she has had for years.

There really is music in this musical comedy. Mr. Vivian Ellis has a gift of melody, and is fond of using canon—one "n" only, please. One might not expect to find a canon in this type of show, but I spotted at least two at the Saville. Mr. Ellis's most be-hummed number, something about a see-saw, may be likened to a mixture of hair oil and *marrons glacés*, but it sticks in the memory.

Miss Louise Browne provides sentimental interest with immense charm. I would have said that she has a homely touch about her were it not for the fact that in her native America "homely" means ugly and she is the very reverse of that. Let us say, rather, sweet, domesticated, sentimental, Mary Pickfordian. She can dance, dance exquisitely, though on this occasion she seemed to be burdened with unnecessary volumes of skirts and petticoats, or whatever they are. And she has a pretty singing voice.

Not the least of Miss Frances Day's many qualities is her capacity for showmanship. She can make the most of a tiny voice; she is an indefatigable worker; and she can exploit to the utmost her flamboyant personality.

CHRISTMAS FARE: Sir Percy Blakeney (Leslie Howard) discusses his future plans for rescuing French Royalists from the guillotine. A scene in Boodle's Club in the London Film Production, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which is based on the popular novel by Baroness Orczy and which had its première at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 21. Alexander Korda was the producer

MARY READ, AS ACTED BY MISS FLORA ROBSON, on the deck of the *Mallard*, at His Majesty's Theatre. This ship scene, which has been very cleverly built up by John Brunskill, is one of the most stirring in this very moving play

MARY READ,

the Woman Pirate

Great interest was aroused in theatrical and historical circles by the publication of the life story of Mary Read, the woman pirate, in last week's issue of THE SPHERE, and we are now pleased to be able to supplement the narrative on its pictorial side by the reproduction of two portraits of the women pirates taken from the Dutch edition of the *Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates*, originally published in London by "Ch. Rivington and Others" in 1724. This Amsterdam edition of Captain Charles Johnson's very popular work was translated by Robert Hennebo and published in 1727 in two volumes with new illustrations. The edition of 1734, some pages of which were reproduced in THE SPHERE of December 22, was probably the fifth English edition and not the third, as stated; it was published in seventy-two weekly twopenny numbers of folio size. It is eminently a volume to possess as is also the original 1724 edition, if one is lucky enough to find a copy of so rare a volume. Its letterpress is said to be more sprightly than proper.

We also give a very attractive picture of Mary Read as recreated by Miss Flora Robson at His Majesty's Theatre. Her clever interpretation of the part, coupled with the dress devised by Miss Molly McArthur, combine to produce a sense of great veracity. The authors place her on a vessel which they name the *Mallard*.

From the document published last week five members of the cast—Captain Rackam (Mr. Wilfred Walker), Dick Corner (Mr. Charles Farrell), Noah Harwood (Mr. Norman Claridge), Jack Davis or Davies (Mr. Charles Morgan), and Fetherston (Mr. Ernest Hare), whose Christian name George was misprinted Geroge in the report of the trial, were doubtless interested to learn that they were all well and truly hanged in Jamaica as the result of their piratical misdoings. The whole North American piracy period is full of interest, and we hope to be able to give our readers some further interesting chapters when the results of our inquiries become available.

MARY READ as depicted by an artist in the edition of *The Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates*, published in Amsterdam. The drawing corresponds, as far as the man's jacket and trousers are concerned, with the evidence given by Dorothy Thomas at the trial at St. Jago de la Vega, Jamaica

ANN BONNY, from the same Dutch edition as that referred to on the left. Dorothy Thomas said that the women pirates were carrying machets and pistols, the machet or machete being a heavy cutlass used in Central America. Mistress Thomas said that the women wore handkerchiefs on the head (not slouch hats as here)

THE VIEW which our readers were asked to identify

A PICTURE PROBLEM SOLVED

In the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE for 1934 we asked our readers if they could identify a coloured print which had come into our hands. We are delighted to find that a number of our readers are learned in London topographical matters, for several have identified the view with a wealth of detail. One of the fullest comes from Mr. J. L. Naimaster, who writes as follows:

The view reproduced on p. 54 of the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE is taken looking up Threadneedle Street and shows the corner of Cornhill, and was probably published in the seventeen-seventies.

In the background stands the church of St. Bartholomew, which was at the eastern corner of Bartholomew Lane and was demolished in 1841; on the right of this, and between "Richardson and Goodluck's" may be seen the north-west corner of the predecessor of the present Royal Exchange building.

The classic frontage is that of the Bank of England, built in 1732–4 from the designs of George Sampson; this centre portion was later rebuilt by Sir John Soane, R.A., who redesigned the whole building on a larger site.

For this purpose St. Christopher-le-Stocks (the church in the foreground) was taken down, by authority of Parliament, after the riots of 1780. One account states that it was "the more effectively to secure the safety of this establishment" (the Bank).

In a *Visitors Guide* published just one hundred years ago appears an interesting account of the demolition—"The transactions of the bank became so important that the increased space afforded in the new building (Sampson's) was found insufficient, and to enlarge them they were permitted to purchase the glebe land, parsonage, and ultimately the whole parish of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, with the exception of a portion of the Royal Exchange, and part of Princes Street." Many persons are now living who recollect the church of St. Christopher, joining what is now the central entrance to the bank. At length the church was taken down, and the buildings of the bank extended from Bartholomew Lane to Princes Street... Though the greater part of the parish of St. Christopher was occupied by the bank, more space was afterwards required, till the buildings extended to Lothbury."

The Garden Court in the Bank was once the churchyard, and a City Corporation plaque commemorating the Church may be seen on the wall facing the Mansion House.

ANOTHER PICTURE PROBLEM STILL TO BE SOLVED

The pictorial competition which also appeared in the Christmas Number (on page 41) has been exercising the artistic aptitudes of a great number of readers. The subject is an English farm-house in its hill and meadow surroundings; the several pieces have to be arranged in proper relationship to one another. Solutions have already arrived from such distant points as Tokyo, Japan; Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic; Cairo, Egypt; Toronto, Ontario; and St. Louis, Mo. It therefore behoves readers not to delay in sending in any contemplated solutions, which must be received at THE SPHERE Office, 346, Strand, not later than January 11, 1935.

NEW YEAR ADVENTURES

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the result of this most unseasonably mild weather is that there is a host of almost unbelievable bargains among the clothes that we shall be needing during the next month or two. For, at the appointed time, stocks have to be cleared in order to make room for the new Spring models, even though, because we have so far had no really cold weather, some of the best of the Autumn things still remain. This is the time to buy them, for it is predicted that we are in for a spell of severe weather, and in such circumstances to be forewarned is certainly to be forearmed.

Let us start at Debenham and Freebody's of Wigmore Street, W. White dyed fox ties in platinum, beige, briarwood, and other fashionable shades will be reduced from 10 and 15 guineas to 5 guineas, and six-skin sable-dyed kolinsky stoles will cost only 69s. 6d. instead of from 7 to 9 guineas. A full length British moleskin coat with a luxurious collar of grey-dyed Mongolian fox is an exciting bargain at 19½ guineas, marked down from 29 guineas, and the same reduction is offered in a sports coat of natural hair seal, half length, and very loose, with a swing back. If you are searching for a real investment there is an evening cape of black broadtail with a collar of Russian ermine worked in loose strands so that they give a ridged effect and a straight shoulder line. It is three-quarter length and will cost 49 guineas instead of 149 guineas. It should be borne in mind that Debenham and Freebody's general sale commences on January 7 and lasts for a fortnight, the last week being a special fabric week, when final reductions will also be made in every department.

Then on to Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, W., where the sale continues throughout January. The blouse sketched at the head of this page is one of a number of all-silk crêpe de chine models in a variety of spot and floral designs, reduced from 30s. to 20s., with outsizes 4s. extra. The hat at the foot of the page on the right is a delightful pull-on in corded taffeta, and it costs 25s. Fascinating gold and silver lamé blouses for 29s. 6d., and angora and wool pullovers with matching cardigans, reduced from 35s. 9d. to 25s. each, are other noteworthy items.

Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus come next, and it was there that the two figures in the centre of the page were sketched. The first is wearing a dress of jersey velour in beautifully rich shades of cherry, green, navy, sapphire, wine, or nigger, with flowers at the neck and a jabot lined with silver ripple lamé. During the sale it costs only 50s. The cardigan suit is made in fine jersey in red, navy, marl-grey, nigger, or black. The cardigan is waisted at the back, and the skirt has shaped fin pleats. This costs 40s. instead of the usual 60s., and the light-weight wool jumper will be obtainable for 12s. 6d. in many charming shades. These are just two items chosen at random from among a host of other equally impressive bargains.

If you are wanting the most delightful dressing gowns at prices which seem altogether too good to be true, wend your way to Woollands of Knightsbridge, where you will find soft velvet ones, lined with silk, for only 49s. 6d. Soft frills billow about the neck and on the sleeves, and they are beautifully shaped at the back with tiny tucks. If you prefer them there are dull crêpe dressing gowns, quilted with an embroidered stitch, and lined with soft art silk for 31s. 9d. They are made in charming colours.

December 31 is the great day, for then Debenham and Freebody's fur and linen sale, Marshall and Snelgrove's sale, Harvey Nichols', Swan and Edgar's, and Woollands' sales begin. A morning to rise with the lark and to set forth eagerly in search of adventures. Sale catalogues will gladly be sent free if a request is sent direct to the firms concerned.

THE MOULD OF SPEED: The new racing car which has recently been made at the Auto-Union works in Berlin and which is shortly to be used in an attempt to beat some of the world speed records

THE OLD USHERS THE NEW: Mr. V. P. Chant riding on a penny-farthing along the Cyclists' Track at Western Avenue, Greenford, after it had been opened by Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport. The track is the first of its kind to be built in this country

SIGNS OF SNOW: A winter scene on a Lancashire highway

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

I tremble to think how many years ago it is that I first drove a Hillman motor car. I doubt if I could even remember after considered concentration, but I do know definitely that Hillmans have always impressed me as being a really good motor car at a very reasonable price. The latest model which I tested the other day made me feel exactly the same about this marque, but I can also affirm that the model I drove is by far the best Hillman that I have come across.

The particular car in question was what the makers call their 16-h.p. six-cylinder saloon. At first I did not recognise it as a Hillman from its appearance, because it now boasts of one of the modern type radiators which has a concealed filler-cap. If anything this new radiator has enhanced its symmetrical lines and has made the car more imposing.

My introduction to this Hillman was not carried out in the happiest conditions, for fog had delayed me in reaching the place where the car awaited my arrival, with the result that I had to find out all the controls on my own. That was not too difficult, because everything worked just as might be expected in the usual straightforward Hillman manner. I got into the driving seat at Cricklewood, London, and I was pleased to note that the gear lever, steering wheel, and the pedals all came naturally to one's limbs, and it was not very long before I set off to drive through the Metropolis to my home in Surrey. Crossing London was nice and easy until I arrived at Barnes Common, where I found myself in a slow-moving queue in thick fog. Almost complete invisibility is never pleasant when driving a car, but when a strange vehicle has to be controlled the task is made even more difficult. On I went, and when I got home I was surprised to find that I was only about three-quarters of an hour more than usual in doing the journey. This demonstrated to me the easy control of the car, and I was more than usually impressed with its ability to go along slowly on third gear without showing any signs of distress. On several occasions the brakes had to be jammed on hard and they always responded without hesitation.

During this short but comparatively unpleasant journey, I discovered that the steering, though lower-geared than that on my own car, was distinctly pleasant to manipulate. The driver's vision was also good—a very important point which is not always given the attention by the designer that it deserves.

I am glad to say that the other two days during which the car was in my possession were clear and bright, so that I was able to test the car under entirely different conditions. I found that it had a very good turn of speed, though I must confess that I did not drive it to its limit, but without much effort the speedometer registered 70 m.p.h. and I found that on a good straight road the car will cruise very comfortably and quietly at 60 m.p.h. Considering that the body is more than usually roomy and the engine is only 16-h.p. this performance must be considered praiseworthy. True, a purchaser can have a larger 20-h.p. engine, which will probably give a better performance, but I must say that any extra horse-power thus gained is simply an added luxury. There are very few cars on the market, the engine of which will remain silent, smooth and without getting fussy when they are asked to propel themselves along the road at speeds of 60 m.p.h. or over. This Hillman engine never gave one the impression that it was turning over any faster at these high speeds than it did when one was crawling through traffic.

The gear-box is easy to manipulate, although I found very little call made on me to change down below third gear. This and the top were of the synchromesh type. The brakes were good and the suspension was excellent. There are one or two choice stretches of roads in the Fetcham district of Surrey which quickly show up a bad system of springing but the Hillman floated over them. For a comparatively large car the petrol consumption is really remarkable. I cannot quote the definite number of miles to the gallon, but whatever it is it represents economical motoring to a high degree.

Considering that this complete car sells at under £300 I consider it is a very attractive proposition and one of which the British motoring industry can be justly proud.

DISCRIMINATION: Miss Doris Dalgarno with her new Delage. She is at present appearing in Charlot's successful revue at the Comedy

Everyone probably remembers something about the properties of asbestos from their experiences in the chemical laboratory at school. We are also faintly cognizant that asbestos has something to do with fire-proof curtains which are religiously let down at every theatre at least once during a performance. But I, for one, did not fully appreciate what a useful servant asbestos really is to mankind. Some of its uses were recently demonstrated to me at the premises of the Bell's Asbestos and Engineering Supplies, Ltd., Slough. To start with I was shown asbestos in the raw state, and it was interesting to note that it is mined out of the earth and is extracted just like lumps of rock. It has not to be melted down because what looks like a hard piece of rock is composed of millions of white asbestos fibres tightly compressed. These fibres are then woven into cloth or dealt with in some similar manner in order to produce whatever article is required.

At the demonstration I saw a man clothed in an asbestos suit, rather like that used by a diver, except that it was almost snow white, walk over and stand in the middle of a colossal bonfire and remain there for the best part of a minute, apparently without discomfort. Even with a shield composed of asbestos and just held in front of a person attired in ordinary clothes one can approach a fire very closely. Another very interesting demonstration was that of putting out a fierce fire by merely covering the conflagration with a large asbestos blanket. Fires are very unpleasant things and very terrifying, but I should say that a car lined with thin asbestos sheeting would be a wonderful safeguard in case of an accident. Another very interesting property of asbestos is that of absorbing sound, so that a car body lined with asbestos sheeting would not only provide a safer, but a more silent vehicle for the occupants.

After all the new regulations, pedestrian crossings, etc., which have recently been worrying motorists, we have recently been informed that the official view of the Ministry of Transport is that the roads of the future should be divided into two parts by a grass verge, one channel being for traffic in one direction and the other for the opposing stream. Nothing could rejoice the heart of the motorist more, and if motorists have said unkind and unfriendly things about the new Minister this latest expression of opinion will more than make up for previous activities which may not have been so popular.

Talking of new regulations it is remarkable how many new lamp-posts are being erected with frantic haste. Only to-day as I write these notes, I have found at least half-a-dozen new lamp-posts being erected in the Weybridge district.

So far as I know no new house has been built on this road for three years so it is a strange coincidence that after that long interval the residents and their visitors should suddenly discover that they want a little more light in the road. I have noticed this mushroom growth of lamp-posts in other parts of the country and I think that the reason for their sudden appearance is fairly obvious.

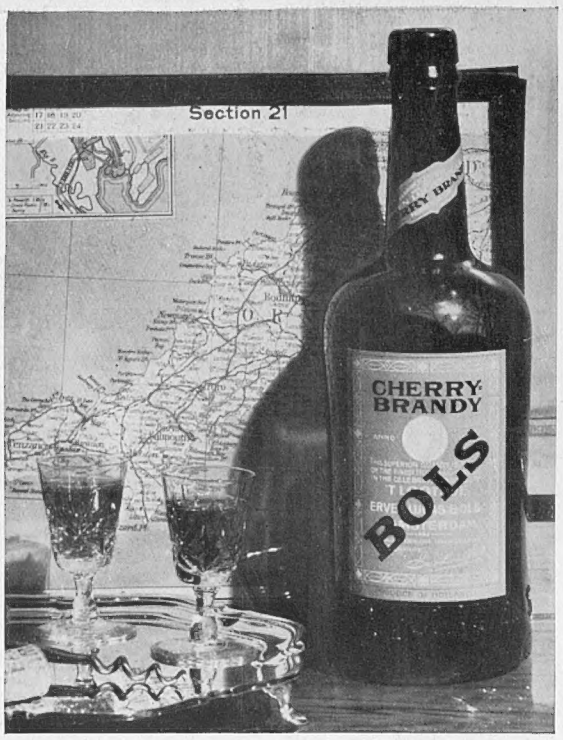
A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Prince Nicolas of Rumania (left), King Carol's brother, seen with a Ford V-8 outside the Dagenham works to which he recently paid a surprise visit. He is a very keen motorist

At your favourite restaurant

beer is best

In the best of restaurants a good dinner is all the better for beer. Some dishes, indeed, are never savoured to full advantage without it—roast grouse, say, at the Palatial—bread and cheese at the wayside inn! And beer, encouraging appetite with the pleasant bitter tang of hops, promotes good digestion. Say to the waiter, then, "We'll have beer."

41



ONE FOR THE ROAD—A SHORT DRINK BEFORE A LONG RUN: Bols Cherry Brandy is a great favourite with motorists, for one of its principal qualities is the way it warms one through and through

THE STAGE ABROAD

(*Continued from p.* 528)

complacent song and dance with Perry, Hughes, and Austin and urging President Lebrun to get a decent suit of clothes in London (Presidential clothes are always a joke in France) brought the house down. Lord Tyrrell, who besides being a great diplomat likes a great joke, took his entire Embassy staff to see the show.

Finally, how badly has the economic depression—now taking heavy toll in France—hit the Paris theatre? Undoubtedly severely. There is never any difficulty in getting a seat. I turned up without having booked a ticket for the first night of an equivalent perhaps to a Somerset Maugham first night in London and got a perfect seat in half empty stalls. Nevertheless, since the star system does not yet exist here on the Anglo-American scale and since salaries, rents and expenses are extremely modest judged by the same scale, the Paris theatre has great powers of resistance.

But the French theatre manager does not really deserve to survive the crisis. Consider: the time at which his play is supposed to begin is announced differently in every paper; if you ring up the theatre the chances are that you will be misinformed and in any event it does not matter, for no play begins until the audience decides in desperation to stamp and shout; libraries are allowed to charge from 15 to 25 per cent. commission; there is half an hour's interval between each act, which means that no play ends before midnight; the programme girl (who is frequently a repulsive and rude old woman) demands a tip in no uncertain manner to show you to your seat, and charges a fancy price for the programme; the floor space and ventilation force the playgoer to feel like a sweltering sardine. These tests of enthusiasm were all very well in 1914, but in 1934, when lack of cash is added to discomfort and annoyance, thousands prefer the cheap and luxuriously comfortable cinema theatres. A few—a very few—theatre managers have realized this. The rest trust to the determination of what must be the most determined set of theatre-goers in the world.

Jossleyn Hennessy

A BOOK LIST

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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The spiritual side of the work of this Society is given due prominence, and during the month of December alone no less than forty-two girls now resident in Esher Place, Surrey, forty boys in the *Arethusa* Training Ship, and twenty boys at Fortescue House, Twickenham, received the sacred Rite of Confirmation. This, the Church's door of Admittance to partake of that Sacred Feast, "Do This, in Remembrance of Me," is thus for ever open to the boys and girls when they leave the protecting influence of the Homes or Ship, in whatever part of the world their destiny leads them. The Society are always maintaining 1,100 poor boys and girls in their various Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*, and funds are urgently needed to assist in this great work. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

AT YOUR SERVICE: The beautifully panelled reception room of the new offices of the Belgian Railways and Marine at 99, Regent Street, where intending travellers can obtain all the information they require regarding where to go and where to stay

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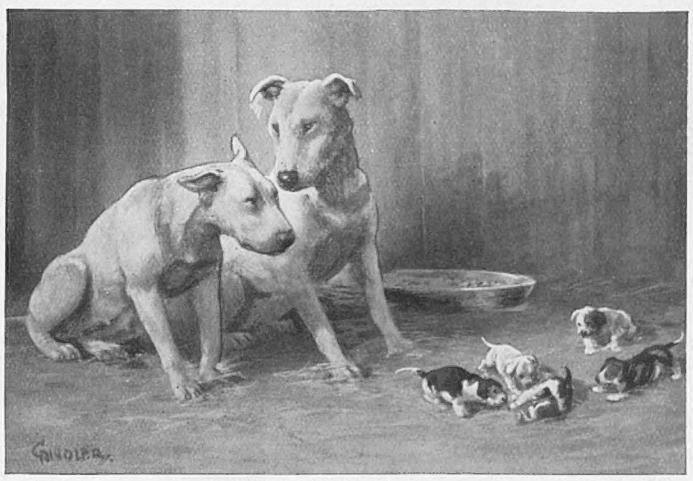

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

Owing to the great demand, the above picture which was originally reproduced in The Tatler has now been published in separate form, suitable for framing.

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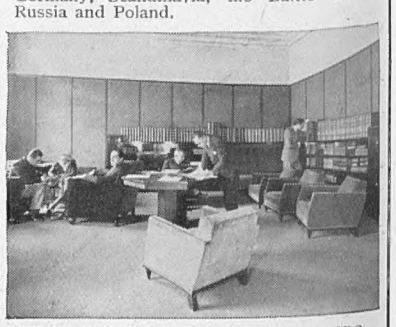

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Warwickshire (Bermuda and Ceylon).—Bermuda can be reached by Pacific Steam Navigation Company from Liverpool, or by Fyffes Line from Avonmouth, the minimum return first-class fare by the former being £54, and by the latter £50. The Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda is exceptionally good, and guests there are entitled to play over the Castle Harbour 18-hole golf course at a very nominal rate. The best months in which to visit Ceylon are January and February. March and April are dry, but hot, and most people go up to the hill stations for these months. There are golf courses at Colombo and the hill resorts of Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, good hotels in these three towns being respectively the Galle Face, the Suisse, and the Grand. The return first-class fare from London to Colombo by P. and O. or Orient Line steamer ranges from £110.

H., London (Madeira).—The average temperature of Madeira during February is 60 deg. Fahr. The climate of Maderia is warm, sunny, and somewhat relaxing, and Funchal is well protected from any north winds. Light clothing should be taken, together with a light rain-coat for there are occasional short but heavy showers. Many of the streets are paved with cobble-stones and a pair of flat heeled rubber soled shoes are most useful. A warm coat will be necessary if you propose to do much motoring for it can be cold up in the mountains.

A., Nigeria (Hong Kong).—Between April and October the temperature of Hong Kong ranges from 80 to 94 deg. Fahr., while 75 per cent. of the annual rainfall (86 in.) falls between these months. Although hot, the weather during the summer is not, on the whole, disliked by Europeans. The S.S. *Mantua* of the P. and O. Line leaves Marseilles on May 3, 1935, arriving at Hong Kong on May 29. The *Rawalpindi* of the same line leaves Hong Kong on July 27 arriving at Marseilles on August 23. The return 2nd class fare from Marseilles to Hong Kong between these dates ranges from £110.

Hints to Travellers

THE WORLD SKI JUBILEE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

An interesting event of the winter sports season will be the World Ski Jubilee of the Federation Internationale de Ski, held in honour of twenty-five years of international ski work. The original association was founded in 1910 and became an international federation in 1924 in connection with the Olympian winter contest at Chamonix. The first contest took place in Finland in 1926 and during the succeeding years in Italy, Switzerland, Poland, Norway, Germany, Lake Placid U.S.A., Austria, and Sweden. The jubilee celebrations of 1935 will be held in the High Tatra, the highest and most beautiful of Czechoslovakia's mountains, which are situated in the north of Slovakia, near the Polish frontier. The contest is scheduled for February 13 to 18 and will, without doubt, attract a large number of foreign visitors, for the World Ski Jubilee will provide much spectacular sport, while the scenic attractions of the High Tatra can be rivalled only by the summer beauty of these mountains.

A SHORT GUIDE TO INDIA AND BURMA.

One of the most useful of travel brochures is that of India and Burma, produced by the Indian Railways Publicity Bureau, 57, Haymarket, London, S.W.1. It is a resumé of the principal places of historical, archæological, and scenic charm of India and Burma with a short descriptions of each. The accompanying photographs have been carefully selected and are well reproduced. A tourist map of India and Burma, showing the rail connections of these two countries completes the brochure, one which should turn the thoughts of many travellers eastwards.

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